

OUT OF AND INTO

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John Reed



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PRICE 50 CENTS.

PICKETT PUBLISHING COMPANY,
LOUISVILLE, KY. GREENVILLE, TEX

“OUT ” AND “IN.”

He brought us out from thence, that He might bring us in, to give us the land.”—Deut. 6:23.

CHAPTER FIRST.

OUT OF BONDAGE INTO FREEDOM.

All who sin are slaves to sin.—Jno. 8:34.

Every sinner is a slave. A slave to Satan, a slave to sin, a slave to fear, a slave to evil habits, a slave to inherited tendencies, a slave to circumstances, a slave to the opinion of people, a slave in danger of eternal punishment, a slave without excuse.

One bleak December morning when Gen. Cullen A. Battle was president of the court-martial of the Army of Northern Virginia, at the session of court at Round Oak Church, the case was called of the Confederate States versus Edward Cooper.

The prisoner, when told to produce his counsel, said, “I have none.”

Supposing he intended to defend himself the case proceeded. Every charge against the prisoner was sustained. He was told to introduce his witnesses. He replied, “I have none.” Astonished at the calmness with which he submitted, Gen. Battle said: “Have you no defense? Is it possible you have abandoned your com-

rades and deserted your colors in the presence of the enemy without any reason?"

He answered: "There was a reason, but it will not avail me before a military court."

Gen. Battle said: "Perhaps you are mistaken. You are charged with the highest crime known to military law, and it is your duty to make known the causes that influenced your action."

For the first time Cooper trembled, and his eyes filled. Approaching the president he presented a letter, saying, "There, General, is what did it." Gen. Battle read the letter as the prisoner's defense:

"Dear Edward—I have always been proud of you; since your connection with the army I have been prouder of you than ever. I would not have you do anything wrong for the world; but before God, Edward, unless you come home we must die! Last night I was aroused by little Eddie's crying, 'O, mamma, I'm so hungry!' And Lucy, Edward, your darling Lucy, never complains, but she grows thinner every day. And, before God, Edward, unless you come home we must die.

Your

MARY."

Gen. Battle said, "What did you do when you received this letter?"

"Three times I made application for a furlough and three times it was rejected. And that night, as I walked back and forth in the camp, thinking of my home, the wild eyes of Lucy looking up to me, the burning words of Mary sinking in my brain, I was no longer a soldier, but the father of Lucy and the husband of Mary, and I would have passed those lines if every gun in the battery

had been fired upon me. When I reached home Mary ran out and embraced me and whispered: 'O, Edward, I am so happy; I am so glad you got your furlough?' She must have felt me shudder, for she turned pale as death, and, catching her breath, said: 'Have you come without your furlough? O, Edward, go back! go back! Let me and the children go down to the grave together, but for heaven's sake, save the honor of your name!' And here I am, gentlemen, not brought by military power, but in obedience to the command of Mary, to abide the sentence of your court."

Every officer of that court-martial felt the force of the prisoner's words, but they had been trained to tread the path of duty though the lightning flash scorched the ground beneath their feet, and each pronounced the verdict, "Guilty." But providentially the proceedings of the court were reviewed by the commanding general, and upon the record was written:

"HEADQUARTERS, A. N. V.

"The finding of the court approved. The prisoner is pardoned and will report to his company.

"R. E. LEE, *General.*"

There is no excuse for sin. No call of wife or child should tempt us from the path of God. The verdict against the sinner is always, "Guilty."—Rom. 3:19.

But thank God, there is one who pities and is ready to pardon when the sinner acknowledges his guilt. And He does more than pardon. He makes the sinner as if he had not sinned. He justifies him. The incident of Gen. Battle and the deserter illustrates by contrast, rather than by comparison. Lee could pardon, he could

not justify. Only God can make the sinner as if he had not sinned. Lee had no power to keep his soldier from deserting again. God keeps the justified from committing sins. It cost Lee only the stroke of a pen to free this man from death and disgrace his sin deserved. It cost our great Commander His own life. He gave Himself for us.—Gal. 2:2.

A lady who owned slaves and had educated and treated them kindly, suddenly died, when the estate was sold. In the auctioneer's advertisement was the following:

"Lot 41.—Julia, a beautiful young woman, aged fifteen, fairly educated, almost white, perfect in form, teeth sound, hair three feet long, and without a fault."

Unknown to her, a free colored young man had begun to save money to buy her from slavery, and win her to be his wife, having already saved a hundred dollars. He was almost a giant and a skillful joiner. It was a terrible blow when he read the advertisement of the sale. He went to the auction, and when Julia was sold for \$750 to a cruel looking man, who paid the money, and led her away, the young giant followed and offered to take the place of the heart-broken girl.

The man at first would not hear of it, though he admitted the young joiner was worth five times more than the girl. At length he consented to exchange. Legal papers were drawn up and placed in the hands of the astonished girl, together with his \$100. The young man who had purchased her freedom with his own slavery, said gently,

"Julia, for my sake, keep from all wrong; while I

live I shall always feel glad that I have taken your place, and one day we shall meet each other again before the throne of God, when we shall both be free forevermore." And with another "Farewell," spoken gently but sadly, he turned away—a slave. Still a mighty joy filled his heart, and there was a glory in his expression which astonished his master, and almost made him afraid.

On the journey up the Mississippi the steamer came in collision with a huge raft of wood and several passengers were drowned, one of them being the newly-made slave. His owner returned to New Orleans to claim the girl as his slave; but believing she was free through her substitute, she ran to the judge. The decision was that as the slave owner had accepted the joiner in exchange for the girl, she was free; and she left the court, saying to the master who had sought to drag her away, "The law says I am free, for he whom I shall forever love took my place."

Christ took our place and gave us His. He died the just for the unjust that He might bring us to God. 1 Pet. 3:18. He was a willing sacrifice and given by the Father. God so loved the world that He sent Him and gladly He came to do the will of God.—Jno. 3:16; Heb. 10:7.

Jesus did not die to appease the wrath of God. "God so loved us" that He sent His Son to die for us. 1 Jno. 4:11. Man sinned and sold himself to Satan. God must buy him back, for redemption is the way back to God. God paid Satan his price, the blood of His own Son, He so loved. Oh! the depth of it!

But if we really and practically believe it we shall be free.

1. FREE FROM SIN.—"The servants of sin—made free from sin—become the servants of God."—Rom. 6:20-22.

James II. on his death-bed, said to his son, "There is no slavery like sin, and no freedom like God's service." If we continue to commit sin we are under awful bondage, but if we have been "justified from sin" (Rom. 6:7), we are,

(a) Free from the penalty of sin. Free from punishment for Adam's sin because the last Adam bore it away. Free from the lash of a broken law, because He met its last demand. Free from the weary gnawing of remorse, because our sins are forgiven, blotted out and cast behind His back forever.

A wild young man had a perfect passion for books. Later in life he determined to begin a virtuous life, and studied assiduously the books of the ancient philosophers, utterly refusing to look at the Bible. But the sages bitterly disappointed him. They gave him true and beautiful sayings about virtue, but they did not mention his past sin, which was weighing him down as an intolerable burden. At last he was persuaded to turn to the New Testament. There he learned how he might be delivered from the guilt of past vices and kept from them. The sages only told him how a good man might make himself better, but the Bible told him how a bad man might be made good through the atonement of Another. And he became a free man in Christ Jesus.

(b) Free from the power of sin. "Sin shall not

have dominion over you." Rom 6:14.

Dr. H. Dunham says: "The night before I was saved, as I knelt in prayer, a voice said: 'How about that five thousand dollars you cheated a man out of in a real estate trade?' The next morning I wrote to the man and confessed the theft. But this was not enough. As I went out of my room, my attention was drawn to Lev. 10:3, 'And before *all the people* I will be glorified.' The temptation came, 'Do not make a fool of yourself. If you must confess, do it before your own church, but don't go among perfect strangers.' But those words, *before all the people*, continually stood before me. I went to the church where A. B. Earle was holding a revival meeting, and told the story. The next night I was saved. In the morning, the man I worked for, who owed me five thousand dollars, brought me a compromise with his creditors, and said if I would sign it, agreeing to take fifty cents on the dollar, he would pay me in full. I was about to write my name, when a voice said sharply, 'Hold on! whose are you?' 'I belong to the Lord.' 'Is that honest?' 'No, it is fraudulent and I will not sign it.' What a change! The day before I would have signed it without any compunction. After this I found Matt. 1:21: 'He shall save His people from their sins.' I said, 'I am going to find out if this is true.' I had no idea how I was going to discover the truth, but I trusted God. The devil tempted me. At once I cried, 'Lord, help me,' and He did. I was tempted hundreds of times, and every time I cried, 'Lord, help me,' He did! Then I found Jesus did save His people from their sins; and *how*? He kept them from yielding to

temptation. I did not have to put a tremendous strain on my memory or my resolution to pray, when the tempter came, but something within prayed itself. I was free *from my sins.*"

The promise is, "If the Son therefore shall make you free ye shall be free indeed."—Jno. 8:36. Free from evil and unclean imaginations; free from jealous and envious reflections; free from doubtful reasonings; free to think of the things that are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report (Phil. 4:8); free to reverently believe every word of the book of God; free to read only the books that make Christ more real and Christianity more desirable; free to love and serve, in caring for the poor, saving souls, ministering to the saints, and visiting the widow and the fatherless, free indeed. Not shackled by any chain, imprisoned by any error, dungeoned by any darkness, bound by any wall, in bondage to any man, not controlled by any temper, as anger, wrath, malice, evil-speaking or envy (Gal. 5:19-21; Eph. 5:3, 11, 12); not wedded to any unholy pleasure, as dancing, theater-going, card-playing, or church amusements for merchandise (Jno. 2:16); not controlled by any unhealthful custom as continual indulgence in tea, coffee, condiments, spices, rich pastry, much confectionery, etc.; not fettered by any evil habit, as drinking intoxicants, taking snuff, or opium, or using tobacco.

T. De Witt Talmage, who died recently, once said: "There are multitudes of young men smoking themselves to death. Nervous, cadaverous, narrow-chested, and fidgety, they are preparing for early departure or a

half-and-half existence that will be of little satisfaction to themselves or little use to others. Quit it, my brother. Before you get through this life you will want stout nerves and a brain unclouded with tobacco smoke. To get rid of the habit will require a struggle; as I know by bitter experience. Cigars and midnight study nearly put an end to my existence at twenty-five years of age. I could do no kind of study without a cigar in my mouth—as complete a slave was I as some of you are. About to change pastorates from one city to another, a wholesale dealer offered me as an inducement to my going to Philadelphia that he would give me the best cigars in the country, free of charge all the rest of my life. I knew he would keep his promise: then I reasoned thus: If now, when my salary is small and cigars are high, I smoke up to my full endurance, what would become of my health if I got all my cigars for nothing? Well, I have never touched the filthy weed since. From that time I was revolutionized in health and mind, emancipated by the grace of God. I implore you to strike out for the liberation of your entire nature from all kinds of evil habits. All those who break down their health through indulgence and go into graves sooner than they would otherwise, are suicides, and the day of judgment will so reveal it.”

(c) *Free from the presence of sin.* “The servant abideth not in the house forever.” “Abraham had two sons, the one by a bond-maid, the other by a free woman. But he who was of the bond-woman was born after the flesh; but he of the free woman was by promise.” Gal. 4:22, 23. Ishmael was a child of nature, born of the

slave. Hagar (Gen. 16:3-15), a type of those "born after the flesh. . . which gendereth to bondage." Gal. 4:23, 24. Those in the flesh are in bondage to Satan, as were the Jews to whom Jesus was speaking, and do the works of the flesh. Gal. 5:19-21. Isaac was a child of grace, the miraculous gift of God, born of the Holy Spirit, a type of the regenerative nature. Gen. 18:11-14. If you have been born of God, and are free in Christ and have the indwelling Spirit, you should practically put off the old man and put on the new man (Eph. 4:22-24), and live in victory.

"When you are forgotten or neglected, or purposely set at naught, and you smile *inwardly* and 'glory' in insult or oversight, because thereby counted worthy to suffer with Christ—that is victory. Rom. 5:3.

"When your good is evil spoken of, your wishes are crossed, your taste offended, your advice disregarded, your opinions ridiculed, and you take it all in patient, loving silence—that is victory. Matt. 27:12-14.

"When you are content with any food, any raiment, any climate, any society, any solitude, any interruption, by the will of God—that is victory. Phil. 4:11.

"When you can lovingly and patiently bear with any disorder, any irregularity, any unpunctuality, any annoyance—that is victory. Jas. 1:2-4, R. V.

"When you never care to refer to yourself in conversation, or to record your own good works, or to itch after commendation, but truly love to be unknown—that is victory. Jno. 6:44.

"When you can stand face to face with waste, folly,

extravagance, spiritual insensibility, and endure it all as Jesus endured it—that is victory.

“When you can throw all your suffering on Jesus, converting it into a means of knowing His overcoming grace; and can say from a surrendered heart, *most gladly*, therefore, do *I take pleasure* in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses, for Christ’s sake—that is victory. 2 Cor. 12:7-11.

“When you love equally the grace that comes through being instructed *how* to be hungry and to suffer, as you love the faith required to know how to be full and to abound in health—that is victory. Phil. 4:12.

“When death and life are both alike to you through Christ, and to do His perfect will, you delight not more in one than the other—that is victory.” Phil. 1:20.

To thus “put on the Lord Jesus Christ” (Rom. 13:14), is to be more than conqueror through Him. Rom. 8:37.

2. FREE FROM SICKNESS.—Christ is the good Samaritan (Luke 10:34); the great Physician. In His earthly ministry, He “healed all that were sick: that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by Isaiah the prophet, saying, Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses.” Matt. 8:16, 17. He is no less pitiful and powerful today. Heb. 13:8. He pities the *poor*. He was poor. 2 Cor. 8:9. He heals the *broken-hearted*. He was sorrowful even unto death. Matt. 26:38. He gives deliverance to *captives*. He knew what it was to be “bound.” Jno. 18:24. He opens the *blind eyes*. He was shut out from the sunlight. Luke 22:64. He sets at liberty the *bruised*. He was bruised for our sins;

He was bruised for our sickness. Isa. 53:3-5, R. V., Marg.; Job 33:24, Marg. For this He was "anointed." Acts 10:38. A literal translation of Isa 53:10 is, "It pleased Jehovah that disease should crush him." Why? That He might "see the travail of His soul," see men sanctified *wholly*, spirit and soul and body. 1 Thess. 5:23, 24.

3. FREE FROM CARE.—You may be delivered from the bondage of care if you will "be anxious for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God." Phil. 4:6, 7. Not work, but worry, brings the care-worn look, the heavy sigh, the weary step, the unkind word which dishonors God, and makes you a libel on your Lord, instead of a light in the world. Phil. 2:14. Let Christ into your home, into your work, into your heart. Give Him full possession. When the Lord comes, the burden goes. Care and Christ never dwell together.

4. FREE FROM THE LAW.—The law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death." Rom. 8:2. "Dead to the law. . . . delivered from the law." Rom. 7:4-6; "not under *the law*, but under grace." Rom. 6:14-16.

Those who are not under the law, but under grace, do nothing because they must, but everything because they may. "The letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth life." 2 Cor. 3:5. The vain endeavor to keep the letter of the Word of God wears away the life, but the sweet sense of freedom in the Spirit gives new life spiritually, mentally and physically. There are laws regu-

lating a mother's care of her child, a husband's support of his wife, a child's duty to its parents, but in the Christian home love impels the mother to care for her baby, the husband to support his wife, the children to honor their parents; they never think of the law, they are free to love.

"In a well-regulated prison there is no profanity nor intoxication; all are industrious, rise early, retire early, and attend service on the Lord's day." They do it because compelled. This is the bondage of law, so different from the constraint of love. A convert in India, entreated to give up Christ, answered, "I love Jesus because He loves me. Even if I knew heaven was full and there was no room for me, I should still love Him and live for His glory. I have an inward experience of love which can never be shaken. If my own soul were not worth saving, I would cling to Christ in order to lead the rest of my family into the love of the children of God."

Senator Corwin once asked a runaway slave why he ran away from his master. "Here you are ragged and half starved. With your master you had plenty to eat, to wear, and a place to sleep; why don't you go back?" Scratching his head, the negro replied: "Massa Corwin, de situation am still open if you wants it." One can live under law if they choose, but he who has breathed the free air of grace and appreciates it, will never return to slavery.

5. **FREE THROUGH CHRIST.**—"Christ hath made us free." Gal. 5:1. Christ is the great Deliverer, able to conquer Satan (Mark 5:8; Luke 11:21; Rev. 20:10);

to liberate from every bondage, of every sort. We are bought with a price (1 Cor. 6:20); not with silver and gold, but with precious blood. 1 Pet. 1:19. Redeemed, that "we being delivered out of the hand of our enemies, might serve Him without fear in holiness and righteousness." Luke 1:74, 75.

An Indian said, "I dreamed one night I was in chains, hopeless of deliverance, when I saw a drop of blood fall upon my manacles and they melted away; another drop, and every fetter had vanished. When I awoke from the dream I said that is just what Jesus' blood can do; and now I walk in liberty. Once I drank fire-water, now I hate it; once I was revengeful, now I delight to forgive my enemies; once I swore, now it hurts me to have Jesus' name profaned. He redeems us."

Our part in obtaining our freedom is to believe the truth that when Christ died we died, and when He rose we rose with Him. Rom. 6:1-23; that the spirit of life hath made us, and thus we practically obtain the freedom which is ours by purchase and by promise.

"Barabbas lay in his prison cell,
Bound fast. It was feast day eve.
For him the cries unmeaning fell,
He could not hope reprieve.

"Barabbas, rise,' the keeper cried—
The door swung noisily—
'Jesus the Christ, will be crucified,
Barabbas, thou art free!'

'Soul that hearest, the doors are wide,
Rise, and thy prison flee;
Jesus Christ hath been crucified,
O sinner, thou art free!'"

In an inquiry room one who had been justified for forty years asked, "How can I so take Christ as to find victory over sin?" The answer was, "We are buried with Him by baptism into death; that like as Christ was raised from the dead by the glory of the Father, *even so we also* should walk in the newness of life. . . knowing this, that our old man is crucified with Him, that *the body of sin* might be *destroyed*, that henceforth we should not serve sin. . . Knowing this that Christ being raised from the dead, dieth no more; death hath no more dominion over Him. For in that He died, He died unto sin once; but in that He liveth He liveth unto God. LIKEWISE RECKON YOURSELVES to be DEAD INDEED unto SIN, but ALIVE unto God." "Can you," was asked, "so reckon yourself dead to the old sinning life and so alive to God in Christ Jesus as not to hold up to yourself the expectation of continuance in sin?" It was a sore struggle, but at last he reckoned himself on God's reckoning of faith to be dead indeed unto sin, and alive unto God, and found it true in experience. He stopped trying to keep the law, and trusted the Spirit of love to keep him, (Jude 21-24) and could sing, with John the apostle, "Unto Him that loveth us, and loosed us from our sins by His blood—to Him be the glory and the dominion forever and ever." Rev. 1:5, 6, R. V.

Years ago a friend of ours who kept a country store,

decided after his conversion, that the selling of tobacco was un-Christlike. He saw that tobacco injures the spirit by blunting the affections; injures the soul, by weakening the intellect; injures the body, by causing loathsome diseases, and he could no longer sell it. He took all his large stock and burned it in the public square. His family were so incensed against him that they had him put into an insane asylum. Here, like Joseph, his soul was grieved. Psa. 105:18, Margin. One night it seemed to him he was dying. He was burning with fever. There was no possible way for him to obtain any water and the strictest rules forbade his calling any one. But God was with him, and as his life seemed slipping away, he prayed for deliverance. Almost immediately a key was put softly into his door and a kindly voice whispered, "Is there anything I can do for you?" "Bring me a pitcher of water." It was brought and he drank it all and fell asleep and awoke in the morning perfectly well, with the pain of his humiliation almost gone. He asked the man who had brought him the water how he came to open his door contrary to the rules, and he said, "I thought I heard you moan and I determined to see if I could relieve you, even if it cost me my place." Soon after, God gave him favor with the keeper of the prison and he was allowed the freedom of the place, and God wonderfully used him in the salvation of sinners, the sanctification of believers, and the restoration of the insane. At last one Sunday the keeper said, "You are no more insane than I am, go out anywhere you wish, only do not leave the town." He went to church and as he entered they were singing

"God Himself hath loosed thy bands." .

Soon he was restored to liberty, but he delights to tell how God was with him when he suffered, being true.

6. FREE TO SERVE.—"That we being delivered out of the hand of our enemies might serve Him without fear." Luke 1:74.

A company of girls on a western train noticed a desperate looking man in charge of an officer. They called him names and scorned him, all but one. She said, "Poor fellow, how hard to be deprived of liberty." Taking a large, fragrant rose from the bunch she had for her aunt, she crossed to his seat, and with a smile laid it on his knee. Tears came to his eyes, and, taking the rose in his handcuffed fingers, he said, in a husky voice, "God bless you, Miss, for your kindness to a poor cast-away. May you never know what it is to be friendless. It is many a day since I heard a word of cheer from human lips." An aged man told the girls the prisoner had been a soldier, had learned to drink, and was going to prison on a five years' sentence. Tears dropped on the rose as the man carried it to his cell and pressed it in his Bible. The memory of the kind act and the smiling face was with him daily. The rose and the Book were precious to him through those long years. He became a Christian, and when he came out began to work among the lowly, and led many friendless, homeless men and women to pure living. With the years came changes to the dear girl who gave him the rose. Her parents died, reverses followed, her brother became a miner and fell into bad habits. One morning an explosion buried the miners. A stranger hastened to the mouth of the

pit, and in spite of the great danger, asked to be lowered. One by one the men were rescued. The rescuer told the story of the rose and its ministry. He won the brother of the giver to a new life, having rescued him from a living tomb.

Beloved, let us "by love serve one another," Gal. 5:13, that we may have "fruit unto holiness and the end everlasting life."—Rom. 6:22.



CHAPTER II.

OUT OF DARKNESS INTO LIGHT.

"Out of darkness into His marvellous light." 1 Pet. 2:9.

He who lives in sin lives in darkness. 2 Pet. 1:9.

The sinner is blind to God's love for a ruined race. Eph. 4:18.

The sinner is blind to the great truths of the Word of God. Matt. 15:14.

The sinner is blind to the virtues of saints and to the great loveliness of holy living. 1 Jno. 2:11.

The sinner is blind to the patient suffering of those who sacrifice their lives for him.

The sinner is blind to the glories of the spiritual life and of the heavenly world. Rev. 3:17-18.

The only hope of the sinner is Christ, the Light. "God is light," 1 Jno. 1:5 and "God is love." 1 Jno. 4:8. Christ is God manifest in the flesh. 1 Tim. 3:16. "Light and love are inseparable. Holiness and righteousness are attributes of light. Grace and mercy, of love. Judgment of evil is the outcome of light; pardon and blessing are the outflow of love. Light demanded a sacrifice for sin; love provided it. At the cross both are

seen. God is just and the Justifier of them that believe. Rom. 3:26. Light and love both are characteristics of those who are partakers of the divine nature. 2 Pet. 1:4, 5. So intimately are light and love bound together, it is impossible to exhibit the one without the other. If we would be "children of light," Eph. 5:8, we must "believe in the Light." Jno. 12:36. Believe in,

I. CHRIST AS THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

Jesus said of Himself, "I am the Light of the World." Jno. 8:12. What light is to the visible, natural world, Christ is to the invisible, spiritual world.

1. LIGHT VIVIFIES.—Christ quickens those who are dead in trespasses and sins. Eph. 2:1-5. The darkness of death is dispelled by the coming of the Light of life.

Thornwell Haynes tells of a poor boy, lying in a children's hospital, looking up at a copy of Guido's picture of Jesus and John the Baptist. Beside him sat a young lady who was visiting the hospital. The lad said to her, "Who are they, and why has the blue-eyed boy a light around his head?" "Jim," she said, "that is a picture of Christ. One of His names is the Light of the World; and He told His disciples that they were to be lights in this dark world. The old painters often put a light around the head of Christ and the saints. Shall I tell you what it means? Every one in this world, whether he knows it or not, has influence over others. The influence of a good person is like a light shining in the darkness. The artists could not paint the good influence of saints so they expressed it by a light around their heads."

Jim repeated softly:

"Jesus bids us shine
You in your small corner,
I in mine." *

"I learned that long ago, but didn't know what it meant. May be you will tell me," and the voice was choked with sobs, "how can a fellow like me shine? I'm lame and poor and haven't much education."

"Jim," said Miss Marion, "those disciples to whom Jesus said, '*Ye are the light of the world,*' were poor and uneducated. It does not mean being rich or famous. It is what you have within you that makes the light around you. If your heart is pure, if you are like Christ, if you have Him within you, He will shine through you; and as He was the Light of the World, you will be a light in the world."

Jim looked again at the picture. The lovely face of the Christ-child was in a flood of light, and Jim felt as if in the presence of something holy.

"My small corner is—where?" The answer came softly:

"Here, Jim, on this bed. Our corners are where God puts us."

Jim was left alone to think it over. Shine on that cot where he had lain for weeks? "It's a mighty dark corner," he groaned. "Maybe a little light would go a

*For music see "Tears and Triumphs No. 3." Price 25 cents.

good way and I believe He will help me shine if I ask Him."

It was months before Jim could leave his small corner. Often he felt weary, and the ugly, old habits were not easily given up. Sometimes when speaking a quick word, his eyes would fall on the face opposite him, and a voice seemed to say: "You in your small corner."

At last the doctor said: "Tomorrow you can leave." When Miss Marion came she found Jim in tears at the thought of leaving his picture and the "corner" in which he was beginning to shine.

For a long time he often visited the ward, and the sound of Jim's crutch was a signal for rejoicing.

2. **LIGHT REVEALS.**—More than the sun is in nature, Christ is in grace. He is the source of life. He dispels the darkness, He illumines the way. He reveals to us the nature of man, the character of sin, the way of faith and the love of God the Father. He shows the vileness of the past, opens to us the possible victories of the present and lights with glory the vista of the future. He points out the precipices and pitfalls in our way and admonishes us to avoid them. Eph. 5:8-14.

The light of Christ's approval over the doorway to any pleasure makes it safe to enter. Christ brightens the pathway of our duty by His example and His teachings. Thus is the prophecy fulfilled, "I will make darkness light before them." Isa. 42:16.

Jesus promises, "Whoso followeth me shall not walk in darkness," Jno. 8:12. To desire the will of God is to be able quickly to discover that will. "If thine eye be single thy whole body shall be full of light." Matt. 6:22.

To *do* is to *know*. "He that *doeth* truth cometh to the light." Jno. 3:21.

On a lofty ceiling in one of the palaces of Rome is Guido's masterpiece, the Aurora. But looking up from the pavement of the Casino, to study this marvellous fresco, makes the head swim, and the eyes misty, and the neck tired, and the brain confused. So a broad mirror is placed near the floor which reflects the picture and the traveler may sit and study it without weariness. Christ is the revelation of God to us. We have "the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." 2 Cor. 4:6. He is the mirrored Deity, "The brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of His person." Heb. 1:3.

After we have believed on Jesus we should reveal Him to others. Jesus once said, "He that seeth me seeth *Him that sent me.*" Jno. 12:45. The sons of God are to be like the Son of God. He is "the Light of the world." Jno. 8:12; they are to be "lights in the world," Ph. 2:15, for Jesus says, "The glory which thou gavest me I have given them." Jno. 17:22.

Hugh Price Hughes was much impressed once by the remark concerning a certain believer, "He is a good man, but he does not remind me of Jesus Christ."

Very different were the words of a heathen convert, who, in describing his Christian teacher, said, "He is like the Man he tells us about."

A little girl asked the meaning of holiness said: "I do not know, unless it is to be like my Sunday-school teacher."

3. LIGHT PURIFIES.—Some one suggests that the

sun-god Apollo is represented as slaying Python, the foul monster, which sprang from slime and darkness. The strong, searching light of Christ will slay our evil tempers and purify our hearts. Heb. 12:29.

A man who had been an infidel for forty years said to a Christian worker, "Nothing can convince me of the truth of the Bible; I know the whole thing is false."

The Christian said, "Let me give you one passage: 'If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God.'" John 7:17.

He said to the worker, "Do you pretend to say that is in the Bible?"

One week later the worker met him, and he said, "I have read that passage and thought of it, but am not convinced." "Have you practiced it?" "What is His will?" "That you should bless Him with all your heart for what He has done for you." "Then what?" "Acknowledge yourself a sinner for not doing it before. You live, thank Him for that. You have a soul which may live for ever. Are there no thanks due for that?" He made no reply. The worker continued, "When you have done that, cast yourself at His feet as a sinner, and seek for pardon." Early the next morning he came trembling and said, "Pray for me, for I am an awful sinner." "Are you ready to tell God that?"

"Yes." He dropped on his knees, and cried out, "O Lord, I am a wretched sinner; have mercy on me." Soon he said, "Oh, I know of the doctrine—the Bible is all truth. Thanks be to God, I see it, I know it." Afterward he said, "Oh, what a sinner; what a Savior! I'm a miracle of mercy."

4. **LIGHT WARMS.**—The Sun of Righteousness warms numb, frozen hearts, melts the ice of indifference and the frost of despondency until lives glow with faith, hope and love. A most pathetic incident illustrating this truth is told by Bishop Whipple, of Minnesota:

"Some years ago," he said, "an Indian stood at my door, and as I opened it he knelt at my feet. Of course I bade him not to kneel. He said, 'My father, I knelt only because my heart is warm to a man who pitied the red man. I am a wild man. My home is five hundred miles from here. I know that all the Indians east of the Mississippi have perished; and I never look into the faces of my children that my heart is not sad. My father told me of the Great Spirit, and I have often gone out into the woods and tried to talk with him. Then he said, so sadly, as he looked into my face: 'You don't know what I mean. You never stood in the dark and reached out your hand and could not take hold of something. And I heard one day that you had brought to the red men a wonderful story of the Son of the Great Spirit.' That man sat as a child, and heard anew the story of the love of Jesus. And when we met again he said, as he laid his hand on his heart: 'It is not dark; it laughs all the while.'"

5. **LIGHT CHEERS.**—A burst of sunshine in a cloudy day brings cheer. Christ makes a dark dungeon glow with the joy of His presence. Acts 16:25. One last gift of Jesus to His disciples before the crucifixion was His own joy. "These words have I spoken unto you that my joy might remain in you and that your joy might be full." John 15:11. As a rainbow is the reflection of

the sunlight upon the background of the storm, so the believer's joy in sorrow is the reflection of Christ's smile of love upon the cloud. No sun, no rainbow. Only Jesus can irradiate the darkness of trial and inspire hope in the hour of despair. Only Jesus can bring the sinner out of darkness into light, out of sorrow into joy.

The captain of an English vessel was a tyrant, a drunkard and a blasphemer. One day he was taken alarmingly ill, but was so hated by the crew that he was utterly forsaken by them all. At last one poor boy, touched by his groans of suffering, went to him. The captain, alarmed at the idea of death, was suffering even more in spirit and in soul than in body. The boy did all he could and the man was grateful. One evening he begged the boy to pray for him. The lad fell on his knees, and with heavy sobs and broken words, offered his first prayer for another. Then he read several passages from the Word of God, including the story of the palsied man and that of blind Bartimæus. Eagerly the captain listened. The next morning when the boy went to him again, his whole being was changed. He was quiet and happy. His face was calm, with a new light on it. He cried out, "O Bob, my dear lad, I have had such a night! After you left I fell into a sort of doze; my mind was full of the blessed things you had been reading to me from the precious Bible. All on a sudden I thought I saw, in that corner of my bed-place, Jesus Christ, bleeding on His cross. I thought I crawled to the place, and casting myself at His feet in the greatest agony of soul, I cried out like the blind man you read of, 'Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me.' At

length I thought He looked on me. Yes, my dear lad, He looked at your poor, wicked captain; and O Bob, what a look it was! I shall never forget it. My blood rushed to my heart; my pulse beat high; my soul thrilled with agitation, and, waiting for Him to speak, with fear, not unmixed with hope, I saw Him smile; yes, He smiled on *me*, on wretched, guilty me, and then He said, '*Son, be of good cheer; thy sins, which be many, are forgiven thee!*' My heart burst with joy; I fell prostrate at His feet; I could not utter a word but 'Glory, glory, glory, glory.' The vision vanished; I fell back on my pillow; I opened my eyes; O, Bob, I know that Jesus bled and died for me; I believe the precious promises you read, and that the blood of the cross does cleanse even *me*. Bob, my sins are pardoned through Jesus. I want no more; I am now ready to die. God bless you, my dear boy; tell my crew to forgive me, as I forgive them, and pray for them."

The day passed pleasantly. At night Bob again read the Bible, then left. The next morning when the lad entered the captain's room he found him on his knees, in the corner, where, in his dream, he had beheld the cross. There kneeling, with his hands clasped and his face uplifted, he fell asleep in Jesus.

6. **LIGHT STRENGTHENS.**—A friend complained of wakefulness, weariness and weakness. Her sleeping room was dark as a sepulchre, musty and foul. Every window and blind was tightly closed. She was persuaded to admit air and sunshine. Soon she slept soundly and grew strong and healthy. "Thy God hath commanded thy strength." Ps. 68:28. If we are wakeful,

weak and weary it may be we are not living in the unclouded sunlight of God's love.

7. **LIGHT BEAUTIFIES.**—Christ is the revelation of the grace of God, and of the glory of God. “The *grace of God*. . . which is by one man, Jesus Christ, hath abounded unto many.” Rom. 5:15; Tit. 2:11. We have the light of the knowledge of the *glory of God* in the face of Jesus Christ. 2 Cor. 4:6. He is the mirrored Deity, “The brightness of the Father’s glory and the express image of His person.” Heb. 1:3. The Word became man and made a home among us, and we saw His glory, such glory as an only Son receives from his Father. For the law was given by Moses, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ. Jno. 1:14-17.

F. B. Meyer says: “In the life and work of Jesus there was clustered glory, the glory of the fulfilled covenant, of spotless holiness, of condescending pity, of obedience to death, of love which has never had its equal. Can we wonder that, on reviewing His life, He was able to look up to His Father and say, “I have glorified Thee on the earth”? Jno. 17:4. His advent, the prophet had in mind when he said, “Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.” Isa. 60:1. Arise into the mountain solitudes, where He reveals Himself to the soul, and men will behold the light of His beauty on your face. Moses became like God, because he enjoyed forty days of face-to-face communion. Do not wait for an experience, look away to Christ. Do not endeavor after something you can talk of, seek to have the light straight from His face to your own. Do not aim at resemblance to another, let that light strike

your face at its own angle and be changed into His image, that His glory may be seen upon you. The sight of gold will not make you rich, nor the sight of pictures make you beautiful, but you cannot look upon Christ without being transfigured, even as He was by the glorious vision of the opened heaven. Of earth, as of heaven, it is true that to see Him as He is, is to be like Him and to have the light of the eternal day spreading through the human soul: "The Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising." Isa. 60:3.

We must give out what we receive. In turn we become suns—light-bearers. All through our Christian life ability involves responsibility. What we have is ours in trust for others. The five barley loaves are broken into our hands, not for our enjoyment merely, but to distribute. The King's property is entrusted to us that we may administer it. The light is flashed upon our faces that we may shed it abroad on all darkened and sin-beclouded souls. Whenever we get a new revelation of God's glory from the face of Christ, we should pass it on. To bear witness to darkened souls of all the wealth of beauty and grace which resides in Jesus, is the one demand on us from the divine Spirit, as He lets us know things which do not enter the mind of man and takes us on into the life in which we are absolutely taken up with Christ, in which He is entirely our Love, our Thought, our Companion, and the supreme object of our emotions and activities, we become indifferent to phases of experience which were once all-absorbing. We have no need for the symbol, we have the reality. We can do without the portrait, we have found the Bride-

groom Himself. We are independent of what constitutes religion to many men, we have become joined to the Lord in a holy and spiritual union. The sun is no more our light by day, neither for brightness does the moon give light to us, for the Lord has become our everlasting Light, and the days of our mourning are ended. Isa. 60:20. For having heard the call to His eternal glory, 1 Pet. 5:10, when Christ who is our life shall appear we also shall appear with Him in glory. Col. 3:4. This Light is perennial. It can never know pause or break. On and on through the everlasting years of eternity, it will pour in on our spirits, from the heart of God, and from the face of Jesus; the morning ever rising towards noon, but the noon always as far away as when the morning first broke: For the Lord shall be our everlasting light, and our God our glory. Isa. 60:19.

II. CHRIST AS THE LIGHT OF MEN.

"The life was the Light of man." Jno. 1:4. Christ is our example. 1 Pet. 2:21; Jno. 13:15. His life is light for us. It glows in the star that shines over Bethlehem, Matt. 2:9; it brightens as we see the boy put away His own passionate desire to begin His life work, and go "down" the humble way of subjection, Lu. 2:49-52; it is brilliant, as the heavens open, while He takes the sinner's place in baptism, Matt. 3:16, 17; it flashes in His earnest utterances, Jno. 3:16-22; it glows in the Transfiguration scene, Matt. 17:1-5; it radiates from the upper room as He takes the lowly place of a servant, Jno. 13:1-16; it burns strong and clear as we hear Him cry in the agony of the garden, "Not my will, but Thine

be done." Luke 22:42; it lights the cross with glory, Luke 23:46, 47.

Jacob Parsons was a vulgar, noisy, disagreeable, blasphemous, idiotic man. He spent his time wandering from tavern to tavern, in perpetual drinking, smoking, chewing, swearing and debauchery. His physical power was exhausted, his speech was so impaired by dissipation that he could scarcely articulate words. He was a brutal, staring idiot. He, however, had two redeeming traits. He was generous and kind. One night he returned as usual from his drunken tramp and retired. To the amazement of the family he met them next morning with a serious, placid countenance. He commenced to read the Bible. His life was henceforth that of a patient, consistent, happy Christian. Instead of the idiotic grimace there came an interesting, happy expression. Yet for many months no one believed in him and it was long before he was admitted into the church. But for thirty years not a stain of inconsistency could be laid to his charge. When asked about the sudden change his eyes would fill with tears and he would say, "Why, the sight of the face of Jesus, so pure, so loving, so beautiful. His look told that there was hope for me. I looked at Him and cried like a child. I felt that I was a vile wretch, filthier than a dung hill. I cannot tell how I felt. When I looked at Him I was too happy to be afraid; when I looked at myself I was too afraid to be happy. In the morning I read how Christ cleansed the lepers and healed the blind beggar. I forgot all about rum and tobacco, I was thinking so much about Christ, so pure, so lovely, so friendly. So I continued

for eight months when my distress was all gone. I was as happy as heaven. For twenty years I have never had a dark hour."

III. CHRIST AS THE LIGHT OF LIFE."

"He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." Jno. 8:12.

The Christian lives in the sunshine of God's love. Though in the world he does not love the world nor the things of the world. 1 Jno. 2:15. You may easily know whether you are a child of darkness or a child of light. If you are a child of light you,

1. *Love God supremely.* You choose His will above every earthly good. You praise the Lord for everything whether it seems good or not. You would not alter anything in your life except at His bidding, though the lifting of a finger would alter it.

2. *Love the assembly of the saints.* You are not hindered from meeting with the people of God by anything but a direct providence from God or a direct word that it is His will that you remain at home.

3. *Love the Word of God.* There is no book in the world that you read with such keen relish as your Bible. Each day you feed upon its sacred words, either in reading or meditation. Jer. 15:16.

4. *Love the place of secret prayer.* You have a place to pray and visit it often. You have learned to commune with God in the street, on the train, while you work, any time, anywhere.

5. *Love holy service.* You love to lead sinners to Jesus, to testify to the grace of God, to pray for those

who need your intercession, to do anything that God commands that will make others better or happier.

6. *Love to give.* You are willing to sacrifice that others may have. You work not to earn money for yourself, but that you may have to give to him that needeth. You always think of others before yourself and choose their interest rather than your own. You give money, love, sympathy and time that is valuable to you and do it not grudgingly nor of necessity, but cheerfully.

7. *Love the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit.* You cultivate a gentle, kindly voice, and a quiet manner. You are yielding and peaceable and "easy to live with;" you are not proud of any gift, and you recognize that only by the manifold grace of God are you a child of light, and that, were He to withdraw His grace, you might be the worst of the bad.

On the contrary, if you are a child of darkness you,—

1. *Love yourself supremely.* You have your own way regardless of whether it is the way of God, the way of your parents, the way of Christian people, or whether it inconveniences others. You indulge in pleasure to gratify yourself, regardless of whether it interferes with your studies or work or church duties.

2. *Love places of amusement.* You attend dances, card parties, the theatre and kindred amusements. You allow rain, company, indisposition, or any trifling thing to keep you from church and prayer-meeting, but no little thing ever keeps you from a church-supper, fair, concert, entertainment or sociable.

3. *Love novels.* You spend hours over newspapers and books that will not profit and often forget to read

your Bible. You are never enough interested in the Word of God to spend an hour over it. You go to Sunday-school often without even knowing where the lesson is. You do not commit the Golden Text and memory verses nor properly prepare your lesson.

4. *Love fun.* You love it even at the expense of others; you will tease the dog, the cat, the children. You enjoy jokes even if they are not refined or decent. You have no place of real prayer. At most you only "say your prayers" night and morning.

5. *Love pleasure.* If you had to choose between a game of base ball and a visit to a sick boy in a hospital you would choose the game. If you had to choose between an afternoon tea and helping mother care for an invalid father you would leave mother alone. You do not know how to lead a sinner to Christ and you have no Christian work of any kind, or if you are a S. S. teacher or a leader of any Christian society, no blessing attends your labor and you are only there because of pleasure associated with it and not because you desire the salvation of souls.

6. *Love money.* Your ambition is to be rich. You mean to have a fine house and all worldly luxuries and you have no thought or care to bless the poverty-stricken in your own country nor to send the gospel to the heathen. You do not lay aside even one-tenth for the Lord's work. You have no systematic way of giving.

7. *Love display.* You are fond of jewelry and gay clothing, and like to be noticed, are proud of any attainment, easily made angry, often lose your temper, do not

like to hear about submission and often think and speak about your "rights."

The contrast between the children of light and the children of darkness is as marked as the difference between noonday and midnight. But as there are degrees of light and of darkness, as there is sunrise and twilight, so the children of light vary in their fidelity to truth and their adherence to righteousness, and the children of darkness do not reach the midnight of sin in a moment. As one knows whether it is day or night so one should know whether he is saved or unsaved, spiritual or carnal, a child of light or a child of darkness.

CHAPTER III.

OUT OF SIN INTO HOLINESS.

The story of the Prodigal son is the story of every sinner. Luke 15:11-32.

1. DISCONTENTED.—The Prodigal cried out, "Give me the portion of goods that falleth to me." V. 12.

He demanded a change. He chafed against restraint. He wanted his own way. He longed to be independent. He was not contented. His heart went to the far country before he went. This is the beginning.

But he who has "learned....to be content," even "with mean things," Phil. 4:11; Rom. 12:16, Marg., will never wander from God. Contentment holds us to the Father; discontent turns our faces toward the far country.

2. DISTANT.—The prodigal "gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country." V 13. "Far" from the light of the Father's smile, "far" from the touch of the Father's hand, "far" from the joy of the Father's approval. The life of the wanderer is "far" from God. He is "an alien in a strange land." Ex. 18:3.

3. DISSIPATED.—The prodigal wasted his substance with "riotous living." V 13. The life of the wanderer

from God is an utter failure, and the respectable moral sinner wastes his substance as really as the profligate, immoral sinner. Sooner or later they both squander all, money, health, time, talents, opportunities, everything. They gather "all," v. 13, they spend "all," v. 14. The place of the unbeliever is with the abominable, murderer, sorcerer and liar. Rev. 21:8. The sinner can not please God, for without faith this is impossible. Heb. 11:6, f. c. Even his thoughts are an abomination to the Lord. Prov. 15:26. The way of the wicked is an abomination. Prov. 15:9. The sacrifice of the wicked is an abomination. Prov. 21:27. The prayer of the sinner is an abomination. Prov. 28:9. When one turns his face from the Father's house, he turns from all that is good, pure and true.

4. DISAPPOINTED.—"A mighty famine" brought "want." v. 14. He was ready to "perish with hunger." v. 17. To him were fulfilled the words of God, "The desire of the wicked shall perish." Ps. 112:10. "The expectation of the wicked shall perish." Prov. 10:28. Solomon knew this by bitter experience. He wrote, "Whatsoever mine eyes desired I kept not from them, I withheld not my heart from any joy. Then I looked on all the works my hands had wrought, and on the labor that I had labored to do: and, behold, all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun. Therefore I hated life, yea, I hated all my labor that I had taken; for what hath man of all his labor, and of the vexation of his heart? For all his days are sorrow and his travail grief." Ec. 2:10-23.

Another prodigal, a soldier, dying in a hospital, said,

"I have tried war, honor, the pursuit of money, of pleasure, and I have tried vice, but I have found satisfaction in nothing!" It is ever so. Satan never keeps his word. The world never gives what it promises.

5. **DEGRADED.**—"Sent....to feed swine." v. 15. **Companionship with the lowest.** "The palace of pleasure has a gorgeous entrance, adorned with statuary and brilliant lights and luring music. The exit is a dark, narrow, concealed, rear way, which leads into the fields where swine are kept." It is degrading to fail to be what we might have been, to have companionship lower than our privilege, to live for purposes lower than God intended. One with an unblemished reputation, an elegant home and no gross vices may be living a degraded life. If his powers are frittered away, if his enjoyments are worldly, "as sure as the sensualist of the parable he has turned away from a celestial feast to prey upon garbage."

6. **DISSATISFIED.**—"Would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat." v. 16. The righteous eateth to the satisfying of his soul, but the belly of the wicked shall want. Prov. 13:25. All the labor of man is for his mouth and yet the soul is not filled. Ec. 6:7. The righteous shall be satisfied in the days of famine, Ps. 37:19; satisfied with the goodness of His holy temple, Ps. 65:4; satisfied with favor, Deut. 33:23; satisfied with honey out of the rock, Ps. 81:16; satisfied with good by the fruit of his mouth. Prov. 13:2-4. But the sinner shall not be satisfied with silver, nor increase, nor pleasure, nor sin. Ec. 5:10; Ezk. 16:

28, 29. He labors for that which satisfieth not. Isa. 55:2.

7. DESERTED.—“No man gave unto him.” v. 16. His summer friends had flown. The world’s friendship is fleeting.

8. DERANGED.—The prodigal was beside “himself.” v. 17. In the far country he was having his understanding darkened. Eph. 4:18. Madness is in the heart of the sons of evil. Ec. 9:3. And the end of their talk is mischievous madness. Ec. 10:13. But to the righteous, God hath given the spirit of a sound mind. 2 Tim. 1:7.

9. DEAD.—“My son was dead.” v. 24. The wanderer from God is dead in trespasses and sins. Eph. 2:1. Being alienated from the life of God and past feeling. Eph. 4:18, 19. Having no hope and without God in the world, Eph. 2:12, because dead to the Father’s love; without gratitude for the Father’s favors; having no fellowship in the Father’s house. The sinner lies, as it were, in a grave of darkness and putridity.

He does not realize his awful condition. Especially is it true that the self-righteous sinner is dead to his real condition before God.

A Christian woman in Dorsetshire was led to visit a dying man. She found him alone and ill. As she questioned him as to his state before God he said, unhesitatingly, “O, I am all right, I have nexer injured any one and I am not a bit afraid to die.” Further conversation proved his state to be one of stubborn self-righteousness. His name was Joe Whitbread. At last she asked if she might read him a little from the Word

of God. He made no objection and she opened her Bible and read parts of Rom. 3:9-23, as follows:

"What then? are we better than they. No, in no wise: for we have before proved both Jews and Gentiles, that they are all under sin"—*except Joe Whitbread.*

"As it is written, There is none righteous, no, not one"—*except Joe Whitbread.*

"There is none that understandeth, there is none that seeketh after God"—*except Joe Whitbread.*

"They are all gone out of the way, they are together become unprofitable; there is none that doeth good, no, not one"—*except Joe Whitbread.*

"Now we know that what things soever the law saith, it saith to them who are under the law; that every mouth may be stopped, and all the world may become guilty before God"—*except Joe Whitbread.*

"Therefore by the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in His sight"—*except Joe Whitbread.*

"But now the righteousness of God without the law is manifested, being witnessed by the law and the prophets; even the righteousness of God which is by faith of Jesus Christ unto all and upon all them that believe; for there is no difference"—*except Joe Whitbread.*

"For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God"—*except Joe Whitbread.*

When she came to the last of these verses, he cried out in great distress, "O, stop ma'am! I can't bear it any more! O stop, ma'am!"

She asked what was the matter, remarking, "I am only putting together what God says and what you say.

God says, '*all have sinned;*' and you say you have *not*; so that must be '*except Joe Whitebread.*' " Only a few more words passed, and she left.

When she came again his wife was at home and positively refused to let her see him, but told her that the priest had been there and administered the communion and he was all right.

Believing the Lord would yet open a way for her to see him, she made a third visit a few days later, when she succeeded in gaining admission to the sufferer. The moment she appeared his face brightened and he exclaimed how delighted he was to see her. Then he related what agonies of soul he had gone through since her first interview with him, so much so that a report spread that he had lost his reason; but the Lord had revealed Himself to him, and it was now all perfect peace. They rejoiced and praised God together. A few days afterward he fell asleep in Jesus.

Surely the condition of the sinner is sorrowful, but the fatted calf which was killed when the prodigal came back to his father is suggestive of the Savior who was wounded for our transgressions, who was made sin for us that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him, who suffered in our stead.

Away up on the ledge of a chapel roof in Germany is a lamb carved in stone. Years ago, where the stone image lies, a man was busy repairing the roof of the chapel, sitting in a basket fastened by a rope. Suddenly the rope which held the basket gave way and he fell down from the great height. Those who saw the dreadful accident expected that the man would be killed, for the

ground was covered with sharp stones. But to their astonishment he arose quite uninjured! This is how it happened: a poor lamb wandered up to the side of the chapel, in search of the sweet young grass among the stones, and the man fell upon the soft body of the lamb. It saved his life. But the lamb was killed by his fall. Out of pure gratitude the man had the stone lamb carved and set up as a lasting memento of what he owed to the little lamb. Is there in our lives anywhere a memorial to the Lamb of God, who "was wounded for our transgression," and died in our stead? Are we truly thankful for our escape, showing it by loyalty and love?

F. W. Farr says: "Vicarious suffering and sacrifice is the law of all being in the natural and spiritual worlds alike. The destruction of mineral is the life of the vegetable. The mountain side becomes putrescent with dead soil before the herb appears on its crumbling surface. When the corn of wheat dies, out of its death more abundant life is born. Jno. 12: 24. Upon the death of the vegetable world the higher forms of life sustain themselves. Animals yield their innocent lives that we may live. The blessings enjoyed by man all come through vicarious suffering. • No country was ever cleared of its pestilential swamps and tangled forests to be crowned with civilization but that its first settlers paid the cost of all which those who followed them enjoyed. No liberty was ever won through battle and bloodshed but the victors passed over the bodies of the slain who had fallen that the victory might be gained. Man's true blessedness consists in recognizing this law and cheerfully conforming to it as the will of God. The

divine method of abolishing evil is through suffering and sacrifice. Why did not the Almighty hurl Satan immediately from his place of privilege, stamp out sin as soon as it found a footing on earth, and crush at once the powers of evil by the superior might of His own omnipotence? Because it would have been a triumph for Satan, a tacit confession of weakness on the part of the Almighty to have fallen back on the resources of omnipotence and to have crushed a spiritual foe by mere material means. It is far more successful and sublime to subdue Satan and accomplish redemption through the silent, invisible potencies of suffering and sacrifice."

And the story of Christ's suffering and sacrifice rightly told will touch the hardest heart and break it.

Pastor Benjamin Peters gives the following account of the conversation of a hopeless Brahmin: A young man came to my house saying that he wanted to be saved. He was a graduate, yet *addicted to drink and especially a slave of opium.*

I told him his salvation was finished already. He must accept it and fulfill the conditions and go home rejoicing.

He looked surprised and said, "What are the conditions?" I said, "The confession and renunciation of all your sins and the resolution that, by the grace of God, you will rather die than sin again." He said, "Must I part with all my sins?" "There is no other way."

He asked if Jesus was able to save him from his besetting sin. Not knowing that he was an opium-eater I related to him the emancipation of a great opium-eater through the repetition of the mighty name of Jesus. He

replied, "I will part with all my sins, and I determine, by the grace of God, to die rather than sin." I said, "Let us pray." He knelt trembling, confessed all his sins and told the Lord that, by His grace he would rather die than sin again. I repeated several passages. "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth from all sin," (1 Jno. 1:7), brought light to his soul and he went home rejoicing. Immediately he *threw away his cigars, opium and brandy*, and gave himself to prayer and reading the Word of God. The next day he began to put his temporal matters right. He went all over Bangalore, to his friends whom he had wronged, and made confession and restoration. To one man, whom he had robbed of \$100, he went straight and told him what the Lord had done. The man looked at him with astonishment and told him to pay the money when it was possible. He asked people whom he had injured, to forgive him, and told them what Jesus had done, and asked his creditors to furnish him with their bills. He wrote a humble letter to his father, an unconverted man, and begged his forgiveness. He joined our church and is much help to me in my work. He teaches in the school and preaches in the street.

In the terrible days when anarchy was rampant in Chicago, there was a man implicated in the bomb throwing with Herr Most, at the time the frightful missile of destruction was hurled into the midst of the marching policemen on Haymarket Square. This man was a teacher in the anarchist schools, and bloodthirsty in his harangues. Hunted by the police, he started on foot for Milwaukee. Reaching Evanston, the authorities

would not allow him to pass through the town and turned him back toward Chicago. With terrible oaths he returned, threatening to lay Evanston in ashes.

It was the dead of winter and his sufferings were great. A few days later, walking along Halstead street, he was attracted by the singing and turned into a mission. His appearance was most disreputable. A torn cap on his head, a thin blouse and overalls his only clothing, his toes peeping from broken shoes, he looked the vagabond he was. For the first time since childhood he heard the old, old story of Jesus and His love, and hearing, his hard heart was melted. Soon he was kneeling, confessing his sins and receiving forgiveness.

He entered the place a red-hot anarchist, breathing out threatenings and slaughter, and left it with the sunshine of God's love and peace in his soul. In less than a year after his menace to put the torch to Evanston, he was standing on the platforms of her churches telling the story of redeeming love.

But it is one thing to have our sins forgiven, another to be cleansed from all sin. One thing to be justified, and another to be sanctified. One thing to be "out of sin," another to be "into holiness." One thing to have the Holy Spirit with us in blessed assurance of pardon, and another to have the Holy Spirit in us for holy living, and on us for holy service.

The starting point of holiness is a desire to be cleansed from all sin, a willing separating from every known sin, and submission to God, to do his own work in his own way and give the witness in His own time. There is a moment when we yield and

a moment when we know that we have received the Holy Spirit and then there is a constant growth in love and knowledge of God's will and Word, and we let Him work out in us what Christ has wrought for us. Only a holy God can make man holy. We are never holy in ourselves and of ourselves. The presence of God in any place, or in any person, imparts holiness. Earth is never holy except by contact with heaven. Man is never holy except possessed of God. God's absolute possession of a man in spirit, soul and body, makes him absolutely holy, spirit, soul and body. G. Campbell Morgan, speaking of the holiness of man, which has been made possible here by the work of Jesus Christ says, "Let me state seven things that holiness is not:

"Holiness is not freedom from all sin, but it is freedom from the dominion of sin and from wilful sinning. (And it includes a conscious, moment by moment, knowledge of cleansing from *all* sin and *all* unrighteousness if we walk in the light. 1 Jno. 1:7-9. *Author.*) In both the Old and the New Testament the words most often employed in regard to sin, mean a missing the mark, a short-coming, a failure, and into the thought of these words the question of wilful action does not enter. But there is sin of ignorance, sin of failure, sin of unprofitableness, which is the result of limitations of life that are not overcome.—(Until we experience 1 Thess. 5:23, 24. *Author.*)

"Holiness is not freedom from mistakes in judgment, but it is freedom from the need to exercise your judgment alone. There is no infallibility in this world—but holiness does mean that I need no longer trust my

private judgment, that I may take the minutest matter of my daily life and seek for the definite, immediate, personal illumination of the Spirit, that I may know what I ought to do. Not my infallibility that I may ask, expect, and have immediate guidance upon all the pathway of life. The two things are different.

"Holiness is not freedom from temptation, but it is freedom from the paralysis which always issues in breakdown under temptation. Not freedom from temptation, nay, verily, but a new consciousness of the potency of the power of temptation. The nearer we live to the Lord, the more our characters approximate to that of His holiness, the more subtle will be the onslaught of the foe, and the more keen we become in appreciation of what temptation is. Holiness is not freedom from temptation but freedom from the paralysis that always fails.

"Holiness is not freedom from bodily infirmity, but it is freedom from all ailments which are the direct result of disobedience.

"Holiness is not freedom from liability to fall, but it is freedom from the necessity of falling.

"Holiness is not freedom from the possibility of advance, but freedom from the impossibility of advance.

"Holiness is not freedom from conflict, but freedom from defeat. The holy are always victorious in the will and power of their blessed Lord."

One who would know experimentally what holiness is must definitely, earnestly seek it. God will do for you just what you ask if you seek Him with all your heart.

In a great revival a preacher was attending from a distance, as the days wore on he made no advance in

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his holiness. Bro. Carradine, who was seeking to help him, found he spent much of the time between the services in walking the streets of the city and looking in the show windows. He told him at that rate, and after that manner, it would take him a billion years to get the blessing; that if he wanted the grace with all his heart, to devote a night in prayer to God about it. That evening, after the sermon, he never waited for the altar service, but sped away to his lodging place and at nine o'clock flung himself on his knees in prayer. He prayed until three in the morning, when, becoming exhausted, he went to bed and slept one hour, when the Lord awakened him. Immediately he arose and knelt again in prayer, and his knees had hardly pressed the floor until God gloriously gave him the answer to his prayer.

R. Atkins says, "At sixteen I was definitely converted. In the joy of my first love I walked for months until one day, under sudden provocation, I lost my temper and was bitterly disappointed and discouraged. I felt that my conversion could not be complete or I should have been kept, so I went to an older Christian and he told me that all Christians fell into sin, and I only had to confess and accept forgiveness and go until I fell again and then repeat the operation.

"I answered, 'Oh, I am disappointed, I thought a Christian had no desire for sin and was kept from it.' I went on for about three years until one day the Spirit convicted me of something I had not known to be sin before.

"I thought, 'I can put this away easily,' but I found, though I removed the sin outwardly, the desire for it was

as strong as ever and the Holy Spirit showed me that the desire for sin is sin, and that my heart was polluted by this desire.

"So great was my distress I cried day and night unto the Lord for three months until exhausted in body and soul. One day, while looking up for deliverance suddenly through the house came, as it were, a rushing, mighty wind and filled the place and cleansed me in an instant, destroying all desire for sin and filling me with joy unspeakable and indescribable.

"I did not know then but now I know it was the Holy Spirit who came to cleanse my heart from sin and dwell in me."

A great preacher says, "I prayed three months for a clean heart. One night after the family had retired, I prayed until midnight. When I retired I wept like a child. The Holy Spirit suggested certain things to me. Will you let Me sanctify you? Yes, Lord. Will you resign your wife and children into my hands? Yes, Lord. Will you preach this experience in your pulpit? I had the finest church in Indiana, a Baptist Church. Yes, Lord. Will you go to the preacher's meeting and confess this there? Yes, Lord. Will you consent to give up fine appointments and take poor ones? Yes, Lord. Go down South to work among the colored people? Yes, Lord, anything. Will you give up your tobacco? Yes, Lord, anything.

"When I had said 'Yes' to every question I felt just like a tired person who had climbed a mountain and I went to sleep.

"Next morning I woke and found the taste for tobac-

co gone. I was calm and serene. I visited a sick lady. I preached a funeral sermon of a child. I went to a prayer meeting conducted by laymen. I opened my Bible to the words: 'Say unto her that her warfare is accomplished.' 'Thank the Lord!' I said, 'I will take it.'

"I arose and said, 'Brethren, I am going to say something you have never heard me say.' I went on and told about my consecration and said, 'I believe that the blood of Christ cleanses me from all sin.'

"I sat down serene and quiet. And that is all that I expected. But on Monday morning, while reading my Bible, the Lord gave me a baptism of the Holy Spirit."

If we have received the Holy Spirit, we shall bear the fruit of the Spirit. This fruit is love. There are eight varieties of this fruit. Gal. 5:22, 23.

(1) *Joy*, love rejoicing. 1 Pet. 1:8; Rom. 8:35-39.

(2) *Peace*, love reposing. Jno. 13:23. Assurance. 1 Jno. 4:10-16.

(3) *Long-suffering*, love repaying. 1. Cor. 13:4, f. c., 7; Eph. 4:2. A precious fruit. Jas. 5:7.

(4) *Gentleness*, love resisting not. 2 Tim. 2:24; 1 Cor. 13:5; 1 Pet. 4:8; R. V.

(5) *Goodness*, love regarding others. Jno. 19:27. Fruit unto sanctification. Rom. 6:22, R. V. Obedience. Jno. 14:15. Teaching. Jno. 21:15, 16.

(6) *Faith*, love relying. Gal. 5:6, last clause; 1 Jno. 3:23; 5:3, 4; 2 Tim. 1:13.

(7) *Meekness*, love resigning. 1 Cor. 13:4, last clause. Song of Sol.

(8) *Temperance, self-control*, love restraining. 1 Jno. 2:15; 1 Cor. 8:9-13; 9:27, first clause.

"Some one describes a life of holiness as a life of unhesitating obedience. Such it surely is, and as disobedience brings forth the fruit of disappointment and misery, so living obedience is the fruitful seed of happy, holy living."



CHAPTER IV.

II.

OUT OF WEAKNESS INTO STRENGTH.

"Strengthened with all might, according to His glorious power.—Col. 1:2

The sinner is weak. He can not break the evil habits that bind him.

The sinner is feeble. He can not walk in the way of holiness.

The sinner wavers. He can not stand in the hour of temptation.

The sinner is powerless. He can not surmount the smallest spiritual difficulties.

The sinner is a doubter. He can not trust in a time of trial.

The sinner is an idler. He can not work in the Master's vineyard.

But all this is changed when the sinner is fully saved and knows what it is to say, practically, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." Phil. 4:13. Then he has,

1. *"Through Christ," strength to break evil habits.*

A man over fifty years of age was a confirmed drunkard. After he and all his friends had given up all hope of his restoration, he became a sober man.

Asked about it by his new employer, he said, "I tried everything I knew. I signed pledges and joined societies, but appetite was my master. My employers reasoned with me, discharged me, forgave me, but all to no effect. I could not *stop*, and I knew it. When I came to work for you I did not expect to stay a week; I was nearly done for; but now!"—and the old man's face lighted up with an unspeakable joy—"in this extremity, when I was ready to plunge into hell for a glass of brandy, I found a sure remedy! I am saved from my appetite!"

"What is your remedy?"

The engineer took up a Bible that lay on the window ledge, and read, "The *blood* of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." I John I:7.

Through faith in the word of God and in the blood of Christ, his weakness slipped away, and strength to break the bonds that bound him was given.

2. "*Through Christ, strength to walk righteously.*"

The captain of a whaling ship which sailed from a Long Island port, who was not a Christian, became strangely impressed upon one of his voyages that he ought to be. He immediately yielded to the strong impression and deliberately gave himself to the Lord. The next Sunday he called his crew together and conducted Divine worship.

The men said, "What's the matter with the captain? Nobody's been aboard to make him a Christian."

Not long after, one Sunday, several whales appeared in sight. There were other whaling vessels

near them, and every other ship sent out boats' crews to take the whales, but the captain said, "This is Sunday. Not a boat leaves my vessel to-day."

When he returned from that voyage he was met with a discharge by the owners. They wanted no such captain. When there were whales, whales must be taken, Sunday or not.

In the town from which he sailed, a number of Christian people in his absence had been thinking about him, and had made him the subject of special prayer. At the time they were praying he was converted, and the Sunday when he commenced having Divine worship on shipboard was the next one after they had been offering special prayer for him.

But now he was suffering for Christ's sake, and these Christian men, feeling that they had prayed him into trouble, thought that they ought to pray him out of it.

They also believed that prayer and works should go together.

A number of them formed a syndicate. They bought as fine a whaling ship as could be found in the United States, placed Captain H. in command of her, and he continued master of that ship as long as he wanted to go to sea, and was known as the "pious captain."

He who follows Christ not only walks righteously, but is blessed in the way of righteousness.

3. "*Through Christ,*" *strength to resist temptation.*

One Lord's day afternoon, a mother took her little nine-year-old daughter away by herself and read the

first chapter of "BIBLE B's" to her, and asked the child if she did not wish "to be saved." She pointed out to her the way of salvation and the little one knelt and confessed her sins and obtained forgiveness. One day after she was saved, the little girl asked her mother for five cents for a glass of ice-cream-soda, which was immediately given. Then she asked for five cents to treat a little playmate, which her mother felt obliged to refuse without giving any reason for it.

The child went to her desk and took five cents from her pocket book, and held it in her hand, then put it back. Then she opened the box containing her Lord's tenth and held it. That was all the mother saw. After a long time the little one turned and went away.

Thinking about it a moment afterward the mother wondered if the child had yielded to the temptation to take her own, or the Lord's money, to treat her little friend. She thought she must know, lest the suspicion should always haunt her, and she always reproach herself that she had not spoken to the child and helped her to overcome.

She went out and walked past the ice cream saloon and there the child sat all alone taking her ice cream soda.

The mother returned home without the child knowing she had been there, and with a glad heart that her little one had resisted the temptation to evil.

4. "*Through Christ,*" *strength to overcome difficulties.*

More than three centuries ago, in a village in Po-

land, lived a devoted Christian named Dorby. Without any fault of his own he was in arrears with his rent. The landlord was a hard man and decided to dispossess him. It was winter, and evening, and the next day he was to be turned out, with all his family. They were sorrowful and dismayed, but he was happy and cheerful. He knelt in their midst and began to sing:

“Commit thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands.”

Presently the family joined with him and sang heartily. Just as they came to the last verse:

“When Thou wouldst all our needs supply,
Who, then, shall stay Thy hands?”

There was a knock at the window. It was an old friend, a raven, that Dorby's grandfather had taken from the nest, tamed, and set at liberty. Dorby opened the window; the raven hopped in, and in his bill there was a ring set with precious stones. Dorby thought he would sell the ring, but decided he would take it and show it to his minister.

The moment his pastor saw the ring he knew by the crest that it belonged to King Stanislaus, and took it to him and related how the poor man came into possession of it.

The King sent for Dorby, and rewarded him so that he was no more in need; and the next year built him a new house, and gave him cattle from his own herd; and over the house door there was a tablet

whereon was carved a raven with a ring in his beak, and underneath the words:

"Thou everywhere hast sway,
And all things show thy might,
Thy every act pure blessing is,
Thy path, unsullied light!"

And on down through the centuries the story has come to cheer us, and to show us how to overcome difficulties by faith in an omnipotent God.

5. *"Through Christ," strength to trust when tried.*

The worldling is without faith for deliverance from trial either spiritual, mental or physical. But the opposite is true of those who have begun to learn the possibilities in the statement, that God is able to do for us "exceeding abundantly above all that we can ask or think." Eph. 3:21.

The following incident from THE WONDERS OF PRAYER beautifully illustrates how God will work along the line of the supernatural when His children will trust Him.

"Our father going abroad, he sold one of our two cows, taking the proceeds with him. (He, the father, was a reckless spendthrift, idle, and fond of the public inn.) A rich neighbor directly offered to loan us money enough to buy another cow; this kind proposal was accepted. Although we did not understand much about bargains of this kind, yet the cow we purchased served us so remarkably, that we were obliged to acknowledge whence the blessing came. In the summer we could sell fourteen measures of

milk ; in winter twelve to the dairyman, so that the borrowed money was speedily paid. At the same time the cow performed the farm work required of it with such strength and quickness, we were astonished. When our father, on his return, heard us speaking with pleasure of this animal, he became so enraged with the poor thing, that he was determined to sell it, and actually *offered it at half its value.*

"We faithless children were in a continual fright. When any one came near the house, we thought that we were assuredly going to lose our cow. But mother exhorted us not to be fearful ; 'for,' said she, 'if your father could do always as he likes, none of you would be alive now ; but God will never let him go any farther than He sees to be for our good. Believe me, God, who has given us this cow, will keep it for us as long as we need it.'

"And so it turned out, for the cow never left us while our mother was alive ; and when we were all provided for, a purchaser came, who paid a big price for the creature, having heard of its wonderful powers from the man to whom we sold the milk for so many years ; but no sooner was the animal taken to its new home, than the wonder ceased, and *this cow became no better than any other.*"

6. "*Through Christ,*" *strength to do good.*

The sinner can not work for God nor with God for the salvation of men, but so graciously does God turn the curse into a blessing for His own, that they who do not know how to trust for bodily strength may be a spiritual blessing to others.

A writer tells how in a remote village on the banks of the Godavery, fourteen days' journey from the nearest railway station, an elderly English lady had been working among an aboriginal tribe. She mastered the difficult Telugu language when over fifty years of age. In her room hangs a picture of a young girl, her only child, whose death at the age of twenty-two, after four years of suffering and service, set her free to devote her remaining years to India.

They were living in Melbourne, Australia. This young daughter, shut up in her room, in weakness and pain, had at her death a parish of twelve hundred souls. It came in this way. When told that her world was to be the four walls of her sick room, she astonished her mother by telling her God had called her to work for Him among policemen.

"You," said her mother, "chained to this room! What can you do?"

"I can get the addresses of all the policemen in Melbourne," she answered, "and post them tracts and papers and an occasional letter."

This was done. Sometimes a Roman Catholic would refuse the message, and then the girl would send the objector a tender little personal note which invariably overcame his prejudices.

By and by the policemen of Victoria were taken into the circle of her prayers and messages, and so the work grew, she all the time an unseen, silent agency. Her health improved enough to allow her to be out of doors, and she was removed to Brisbane. There she visited a ship in the harbor, and finding

the captain a Christian, she said, "I suppose you do something for your men."

"No, Miss," he answered, "but if you would like to address them you may."

She assented eagerly. A place was procured and the meeting was held. But the effort proved too much. That night she became alarmingly worse and died shortly after.

The policemen for whom she had labored, hearing of her death, learning at last who was their unknown friend, begged permission to erect a monument to her memory.

The work was carried on by other hands, and a palatial building in Melbourne exactly fitted for the purpose is a Policeman's Home and Rest House, the outward monument of a sick girl's prayers and efforts. The spiritual results are in God's "book of remembrance."



CHAPTER V,

OUT OF WEARINESS INTO REST.

I.

BEST FOR THE SINNER.

The Bible says, "The wicked are like the troubled sea, when it can not rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt." Isaiah 57:20.

The sinner knows nothing of true peace; he is full of unrest, unhappiness, and unsatisfied longings. But He whose name is Prince of Peace (Isaiah 9:6) is patiently waiting to give rest to every troubled one.

1. *Rest by invitation.* "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Matt 11:28. It is the living, loving, personal, risen Christ who reaches out His wounded hands and whispers to your heart, "Come unto me."

At the close of a brilliant party, David Nelson sat alone with the young man of wealth who had given the entertainment, and asked if he did not desire to be a Christian. He replied:

"I would gladly become a Christian if I knew how."

His pastor said, "Suppose the Lord Jesus stood right here and you knew Him, and He should stretch out His hands to you and say, 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest,' what would you do?"

"Go and fall before Him and ask Him to save me."

"What if your gay companions were in the room and should laugh at you?"

"I should not care. I should go to Jesus."

"Well, Christ is in this room, though you can not see Him, and He says, 'Come.' " The young man accepted the invitation.

We are slow to learn that God longs to rest us "in His love." Zeph. 3:17.

Sarah Wolcott, telling how the revelation came to her, says:

"Years ago, out on life's highway, weary and worn, tossed and buffeted by storms, crushed by loads of care, torn by sorrows and bereavements, sin-sick and soul-sick, there came to me a Friend. He said:

"Come unto me, and I will give you rest."

"I am not worthy," I cried.

"Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow," He made reply.

"He came into my life. He joined His heart to mine in sacred bonds of fellowship and bade me trust Him in my darkest hour. He soothed my sorrow and healed my bruised spirit. He took my heavy burdens upon His own shoulders and became a shelter from the stormy blasts. As we journeyed together, and I came to know more fully the great and unutterable love that thus surrounded me, a poor, unworthy mortal, full of frailty, battered and scarred by evil, I could do nothing but fall before Him in wonder and amazement, feeling I had nothing to offer in return for all this mercy. He lifted me up and whispered,

‘I only want your love in return. My child, love is the prompter of every good thing.’ Verily, I found it so. Willingly I turned from every one for His sake. I took His name upon me and gave Him my heart’s pledge to be true.”

“And I love to follow Jesus,
Gladly counting all but dross.
Earthly honors all forsaking,
For the glory of the cross.”

2. *Rest from a troubled conscience.* Freedom from the guilt of a sin ; a sense of pardon ; peace with God, Rom. 5:1, are the beginning of a life of rest. Every convicted, penitent sinner is

a. *A laborer.* “All ye that labor.” Matt. 11:28.

The penitent sinner struggles to make himself better. He breaks off his outward sins and seeks to reform his inner life. He resolves what he will do and what he will not do. He tries to stop drinking or swearing or lying, or the bad habits which seem most heinous ; he attempts to govern his passions, and control his temper, but finds it an impossible task, his struggles are in vain. Or if he has an iron will and seems to some extent to succeed, he finds he is still

b. *A burden bearer.* “Heavy laden.” Matt. 11:28.

The memory of past sins, the thought of future retribution, the sense of present guilt, lie like a heavy weight upon the heart.

Sometimes a convicted sinner, hoping for rest, will be baptized, or join the church, or confess Christ,

or try to work for Jesus ; but none of these give real rest. They come after rest has been given. The unforgiven sinner if he do all this, and more, still bears his burden. Only coming to Jesus in faith can remove it. A poor woman was suffering on account of her sins. A clergyman visiting her, said :

"You are very unhappy."

She replied: "Yes, I am."

"What is it ?" he asked.

She answered, "Oh, my prayers are poor prayers; I have got such a naughty heart, I am so cold, I do so many wrong things, and grieve God so much."

The clergyman said, "Very well, now you have told me about yourself, have you nothing else to tell me ?"

"No, sir, nothing else," she replied, "only that I am so wicked."

"Now," said the clergyman, 'say Jesus!' She said "Jesus."

"Oh, no !" said the clergyman, "not so ; say it feelingly."

Again she said, "Jesus !"

"No, that won't do ; say Jesus, with all your heart."

She burst into tears and cried out, tenderly, "Jesus." And He who had bidden her "Come," opened His arms and folded her to His heart and the burden dropped out of her life.

In *Our Young People* is a story of a boy named Robert. He was smart and proud. He always stood at the head of his class and was the best reader in school. We think he ought to have been a happy

boy. But something happened one day to make him unhappy and discontented. His father gave him a new hat. Robert asked to lay the old one aside, but his father told him he must wear the old one awhile longer, and keep his new one for Sunday. In a few days Robert told his father he did not know where his old hat was,

"What did you do with it, Robert?" asked his father.

"Nothing, pa ; I left it in my room, and somebody has taken it."

Robert put on his new hat and wore it to school. But he felt uneasy, for he had thrown the old hat into the gutter. The voice within said:

"O, Robert you have deceived your father, but you have not deceived God !"

Robert went home but could not look at his father, was shy and still and sad. His father was kind, and tried to get Robert to talk to him ; but the voice in his heart telling him how wickedly he had done, made him too unhappy to talk.

"What is the matter, Bob ?" said his father.

"Nothing," said Robert.

In the morning he went to school but could not study. He had never recited his lessons so badly.

The teacher said "Why, Robert, what is the matter ? I never knew you to do so badly."

He was getting down to the foot of his class. He could not sleep. What must he do ? It seemed that he would die if he did not get rid of the load on his heart. At last he obeyed the voice, went to his father, and said:

"Pa, I told you a lie ; I threw my hat in the gutter. I was proud of my new hat and wanted to wear it. But I can not rest, I can not study, I am so unhappy. Please, Pa, forgive me."

His father was glad his boy told him, and would not punish him, for he thought his own unhappy heart had punished him enough, so he said, "I forgive you, my boy. Go to God, and He will forgive you, and give you peace and rest." And we who have entered into His rest know how surely the lad obtained what he sought.

3. *Rest in a sure promise.* "I will give you rest." Matt. 11:28.

To the sinner the Saviour says, "By My atoning sacrifice, My tender compassion, My undying love, My unchanging Word, I will give you rest."

A wild, wicked son of a widow, ran away from his home in England, enlisted and was ordered to America, in the Revolutionary war. His poor mother just before she died begged a Bible and sent it to her son by a Christian soldier. He found the widow's son was the ringleader of the regiment in vice.

The soldier introduced himself, and said, "'James, your mother sent you her last present."

Indifferently the young man replied, "Is she gone at last? I hope she sent me some cash."

The soldier said, "Your mother sent you something better than gold. She sent a Bible with her dying request that you would read at least one verse a day. Can you refuse her last request?"

"Well," he said, "that is not too much to ask,"

and opened the Bible to our text. "This is odd," he said, "I have opened to the only verse I could ever learn in other days. It is strange. But who is this 'Me!'"

The good soldier told him of Jesus, and explained the promise and walked with him to the chaplain, who still further opened to him the promise of rest. From that hour he was a changed man, as noted for goodness as he had been for wickedness. One day after a hard battle the soldier found James lying under an oak tree with his head reclining on his Bible open to the promise. "I will give you rest." The pages were stained with his blood, but he was resting in Christ, waiting the golden morning of resurrection.

II.

REST FOR THE SAINT.

"*We which have believed do enter into rest.*" Heb. 4:3. "Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; and ye shall *find rest* unto your souls." Matt. 11. 29.

1. *Rest by exhortation.*

God enjoins the saint to rest. Andrew A. Bonar says, "Taking His yoke is not the same as *coming to Him*. For otherwise; it is *the service* you engage in *after having come to Him*." You come to Him at once, and find rest at once; and the next step is drawing the plow. Thus serving and learning of Him, you get *another rest*; rest from former corruptions, passions, unholy impulses, tormenting desires.

This *second rest* is the rest of Sanctification, and not to be confounded with the *first* rest of justification.

A child of God gives this bit of experience. I was tired, too weary to sleep, that night, which was a memorable one: Suddenly the words, "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest," came to my soul like a living voice, and I said:

"Lord, I am so tired, I do not know what to do," and the answer was, "Come unto Me."

I realized that it meant a definite coming to my Lord, and as positively as at my conversion I said:

"Lord Jesus, I come unto Thee for rest."

He said, "That is well; I give rest; but you must take it. Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly of heart, and you shall find rest to your soul."

So graciously did my blessed Saviour lead me into the path of rest and quietness, I did take Him at His word, and fell asleep with my head pillowed on His blessed promise.

2. *Rest in the will of God.* "My yoke."

The yoke of Christ stands for the will of God. As the ox bends his neck to the yoke and does not rebel or criticise, so Christ bowed always to the will of His Father. As He sought to know the Father's will, John 5:30, as His satisfaction was to do the Father's will, Matt. 26:42, so we are to understand the will of the Lord, Eph. 5:17, R.V., and delight to do it. Ps. 40:8.

3. *Rest in submission.* "My yoke."

E. W. Bullinger says. "Rest is to be found only in submission to the Father's will. This is the secret

of present rest for souls, and of millennial peace for the earth. Man's methods begin with self and are occupied with self. The divine method puts God first and the end is assured. When we yield to the wondrous wisdom of His way, the perfection, sweetness and blessedness of His will, our own will vanishes without an effort, and without our knowing it, until we discover it afterward by a happy experience. In millennial days this will be the blessing of the whole earth. For there shall be one King, one will, 'one Lord, and His name one.'" Zech. 14:9.

4. *Rest in service.* "My yoke upon *you*."

A yoke is work for two. Every child of God is under some yoke. He is either a laborer "together with God" for the salvation of the world, I Cor. 3:9, or "unequally yoked together with unbelievers" for the destruction of the world, II Cor. 6:14. The dancing, card-playing, theater-going church members were never the Lord's, or they have been "entangled again with the yoke of bondage." Gal. 5:1. They labor, but it is for that which satisfieth not: Isaiah 55:2.

But heart rest brings heart power for service. Mrs. W. Franklin, a missionary in India, gives a bit of experience along this line. She says:

"I had been traveling for two days and a night, and at the beginning of the second night entered a compartment where four women had made themselves comfortable for the night, two on each seat. Their luggage filled up the aisle so that with difficulty I got into the small corner at the end of one

seat. My luggage was under my feet and I scarcely had room to sit down. My head was aching and I needed rest. But how could I get it there? My heart turned to God to know what He meant to teach me. There are no happenings in the life of a child of God who walks in loving obedience. So what if I could not see? It was enough in my weariness to recognize the Father's loving hand and lift up my heart in thankfulness that He *always* cared for me and was caring for me then. So a sweet peace stole into my soul and I began to look at my fellow travelers, who were watching me as a very unwelcome acquisition. One had no pillow but was leaning her head in the corner, so I succeeded in getting one from my luggage and gave it to her. This opened the way for conversation and they saw I was not only enduring my situation, but was cheerful and patient. I got down on my luggage and leaning my head on the seat had a refreshing rest, and in the morning felt as fresh as if I had slept as usual. After my devotions I committed myself to God to use me. I soon had a heart talk with one of the young women in which she confessed she knew nothing of sins forgiven, and I had the joy of showing her the way of salvation.

"Suppose I had been impatient and fretted in that compartment, and thought it hard? I should have missed the sweetness of rest in Jesus and the joy of victory and been in no mood to talk to that soul about Jesus, and have had no power to show her the need. Afresh I saw how much we lack in that grace of the

Spirit, patience, patience with God in His dealings with us, patience with ourselves and others."

5. *Rest in the lowly One.* "*Be taught by me; and your lives will find a resting place.*" Matt. 11:29. Rotherham.

One beautiful type of Christ was a *lamb*. John 1:29. His life was true to the type. The Spirit descended upon Him as a *dove*. None so gentle as the Messiah. His first recorded sermon recalled the prophecy that He should preach good tidings to the poor. Luke 4:18. He always practiced what He preached.

Though He was true, fearless, courageous, strong, wise, powerful and gifted above all the sons of men, Ps. 45, yet He was a stranger to pride and arrogance; He never boasted. He never pretended to be what He was not. He was always the submissive, modest, unassuming gentleman.

He quietly retired from those who sought to kill Him. Luke 4:30; John 8:59. He did nothing to draw a crowd. As soon as He had taught the multitudes He went from them. Matt. 4:23-25; 5:1; 8:1; 15:32, 39. When the Samaritans could not receive Him, and James and John wished to command fire from heaven to consume them, He gently rebuked the disciples. Luke 9:49-56. He never discharged a disciple. He loved them to the end. John 13:1. He permitted His services to be interrupted by parents bringing their little children. Matt. 19:13-15. The only time He ever rode in triumph was upon "a colt, the foal of an ass." Matt. 21:5. When Peter in revenge cut off the

servant's ear, Jesus instantly healed it. Luke 22:51.

When He was accused of the chief priests and elders He answered nothing. Matt. 27:12. When Pilate said, "Behold how many things they witness against thee," Jesus yet answered nothing. Mk. 15:4, 5. When Herod questioned Him with many words, He answered him nothing. Luke 23:9. When one of the malefactors railed on Him, He answered him nothing. Luke 23:39. He was led as a lamb to the slaughter and as a sheep before his shearers is dumb, so He opened not His mouth. Isaiah 53:7.

If we will follow Jesus in His lowliness and truth, His sure promise is, that we shall find rest in spirit, soul and body.

The writer's own experience is abundant proof of this. In my childhood I was never robust. In womanhood, I was never strong, but felt obliged to take a nap every afternoon, use tonics in the spring time, spend months in the country in idleness in the summer, spend dollars upon Turkish baths and massage in the winter, yet never was strong, appreciating fully the significance of the words "born tired," and rarely rested but a short time.

One hot summer Monday, in a little parsonage in the Connecticut hills, helping in the morning's work, yet writing at odd moments, I found myself at noon utterly weary, and aching from my head to my feet. I went into my cozy little room, and kneeling by the bed, looked up and asked the Lord to rest me. He had restored me to health some six months before; why not add the other blessing of freedom from weariness?

As I waited, a soft, gentle wave, something like electricity, went through my body from my head to my feet, and with it every particle of pain and weariness departed. I arose to go on through the years, and not again know the meaning of the word *tired*.

I have spoken as many as seven times on the Lord's day, and retired late, feeling as fresh as when I awoke. I have traveled continuously from Minnesota to Massachusetts without a trace of weariness, for "the Lord is the strength of my life." Ps. 27:1. He has proved to me that He meant what He said in the words:

"He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might He increaseth strength. Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall; but they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary, they shall walk, and not faint." Isaiah 40:29-31.

Persons often say to me, after what seems to them exhaustive work in speaking and writing:

"You must be very tired."

My invariable answer is in the negative. Jesus did not say "Come unto me and get tired—take my yoke and grow weary wearing it." He said, "Come unto me—and I will give you *rest*. Take my yoke—and find *rest*." Matt. 11:28, 29.

He always meant just what He said. Let us believe Him.

CHAPTER VI.

OUT OF SORROW INTO JOY.

"Your sorrow shall be turned into joy."

The sinner has passing pleasures ; he has fleeting earthly gratification ; he has worldly fame ; but he knows nothing of heavenly joy ; of divine felicity ; of holy blessedness ; of spiritual ecstasy ; of hallowed delight ; of sacred exultation. No solid satisfaction comes into the sinner's life until he hears and believes the gospel story of the "good tidings of great joy." Luke 2:10.

An unconverted young man being ill became despondent and resolved to commit suicide. While writing a note to leave to tell why he was tired of life, a knock was heard, and a sweet-faced lady entered.

She smiled so kindly that before she spoke the young man had given up the thought of crime. She spoke a few encouraging words and laid her hand on his forehead as his mother might have done.

He sobbed like a child. She smiled again, and knelt by his bedside in silent prayer, her face lifted to God with that same sweet glow upon it.

In the holy silence all bitterness of soul left him and there came an intense desire to find Christ.

And while the smile still lingered on the upturned face of the kneeling suppliant the Saviour entered the penitent heart of the suffering young man.

With a joy to which he had been before an utter stranger, he arose from the sick bed to go and minister to other sorrowful ones.

Joy comes to the Christian in answer to prayer.
"Ask—that your joy may be full." John 16:24.

A young German woman, a native of Baden, was thoroughly converted. Her father was an infidel and her changed life exasperated him. He tried his utmost to separate her from her Christian friends and make her give up her faith. Finding his efforts were futile, the inhuman father turned her out of doors and disinherited her.

The poor girl had nowhere to go, but she longed to be engaged in religious work, and believing that there was a better prospect for securing such work in New York, decided to come to this country. A small gift from an uncle enabled her to cross the ocean, and to live here for a short time. But she could not speak English and could not obtain employment. Her money was soon exhausted, and she knew not what to do.

In her distress she had recourse to prayer. One whole night she spent in strong supplication.

At that very time, during those very hours in Baden there was a strange scene. Her infidel father was under conviction of sin, and in deep distress. Among other acts of wickedness for which his conscience smote him, was his harshness to his Christian daughter. He could get no rest until that had been atoned for.

He learned that she had gone to New York, but

could not find out her address. But he was in earnest and was not to be thwarted by any difficulty. He ascertained the name of a German newspaper published in New York, and that day, without waiting for the mails, sent by the cable a sum of money and a message. The girl would have known nothing of her father's change of heart or of his provision for her need, but for a circumstance quite as remarkable, as an illustration of God's providence, as the remittance itself.

She set out as usual one morning on her weary quest of work. She was too poor to buy a newspaper, but she saw a soiled German paper that some one had dropped in the street. She picked it up eagerly. When she came to read it, to her surprise, her eye caught her own name. "If Miss Sophie —— would call at the office of the ——, she would hear of something to her advantage."

She did call, and the publisher handed her her father's message and the order on the cable company for the money. She soon obtained Christian work, and the clergyman who tells this story heard it from her own lips.

Joy comes through the Word. "Thy words were found, and I did eat them; and thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of my heart." Jer. 15:16.

One morning, returning from a camp-meeting, at the junction, I inquired for my train twice, and was told that it was late. A lady inquired if I thought it safe for her to leave her bag at the depot while she went to the village. I introduced her to a pastor who

was waiting also, and asked him to look after it for her. Then I stepped out and saw my train moving off. For a moment it seemed dreadful, for I must wait at the depot, in the intense heat, until half-past two in the afternoon, travel all night and disappoint the husband and little daughter at home. I looked up to the Father, and said:

“When I was helping her, what made Thee let me miss my train?”

He answered tenderly, “Then you would not have been willing to help her had you known you would miss your train?”

This searched me. Finding out a quiet spot I took out my Bible to read my chapter for the day. I was just beginning to read the Bible through again by course, so read and marked the first chapter of Genesis in my new Bible. The word GOD stood out as if printed in large letters. I drew a circle around the word contained thirty-two times in that creation chapter. I drew a line under the words, “God saw that it was *good*,” repeated six times; the number of “work,” verses 10, 12, 18, 21, 25, 31.

Could it be it really was of God, and not just my carelessness, my being delayed?

Any way, “*God* saw that it was *good*,” not “too bad,” as I would have said once under similar circumstances. If “God saw that it was good,” it was not necessary that I should see, but I could say out of a truthful heart, “We *know* that all things work together for *good* to them that love God,” Rom. 8:28, and was content.

At midnight as I sat writing in a great depot, I glanced up to find a young girl beside me, she and I the only occupants of the room. I offered her a copy of my tract MULTIPLIED SEED, saying, "Would you like something to read?" She shook her head, replying mournfully, "I am too nervous to read."

Then I learned just as I missed my train at Rochester, N. H., she had missed hers at Syracuse, N. Y. She had telegraphed her father to meet her, and was waiting, hoping he might come, yet fearing he would not. Soon the train came in and we went out, but her father did not come. I went with her to the nearest hotel, waited while she registered, and saw her in a large, pleasant room, her fear all gone, and full of gratitude for what she would never have expected a stranger to do for her. As we kissed each other good-bye and I returned to the depot to wait for my train, there was real joy in my heart that, out of all the people traveling that day God should choose me to care for a motherless girl left alone in a great city at midnight.

The Word had become the joy of my heart as I "saw that it was good," and not evil, for me to miss the train.

Joy comes through the Holy Spirit. Rom. 14:17. He is called the Comforter. John 14:26. When Jesus' earthly presence was withdrawn then the Holy Spirit descended.

The withdrawal of the earthly is meant to be for the coming of the heavenly. Our trials should be our triumphs. The promise is, "Your sorrow shall be

turned into joy." John 16:20. Paul tells us, "The fruit of the Spirit is . . . joy." Gal. 5:22. Some of us understand a little of what he meant when he said, "As sorrowful, yet always rejoicing." II Cor. 6:10. They tell us that even in the midst of the snow and cold and darkness of the arctic regions the explorers built their houses of the very blocks of ice, and within are warmth and light and comfort and vitality while all around is a dreary waste. So even when things about us are dark and gloomy, and flesh and natural senses all proclaim the necessity of sadness, it is possible for us, in the murkiest night of our sorrow, to have burning cheerily within our hearts a light unquenchable.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cheney tells in *Sabbath Reading* "How the Comforter came" to one broken heart, turning her sorrow into joy. A widow, living once again in her childhood home, writes in her diary, which was discovered sometime afterward, when she had fallen asleep. Abbreviated the record reads:

"My baby is very ill, but he is all I have and God will not take him from me.

"The doctor looks grave and mother turns her eyes away when she meets mine, I will not ask them what they think.

"Baby is unconscious. There is no hope. Where is God? Doesn't He care?

"I have lain all night in an agony of darkness and pain. It seems as if there was a savage, cruel hand with great iron fingers clutching at my heart. I crept in to see baby. He was delirious. O if I might go

with him! Aunt Ellen sat there. She has lost three babies. She said, 'God is love.' It sounded like rain on the roof, so far, far from my heart.

"'God is love.' It is not Aunt Ellen's voice now. I have heard it in my heart all this terrible day. I read once that the will of God is the most beautiful thing in the universe. I do not want to rebel against Love. I will try to say, 'Thy will be done.'

"I've said it and said it, and the agony is just awful. I think Jesus Christ must be sorry for me. I'll get the Testament and read how He wept when Lazarus died. Somehow it reads as if He wept because of their lack of faith. Lord help my unbelief.

"Again comes the still small voice, 'Is God dealing with you in love?' 'Yes.' 'Can you not praise Him then?' 'Yes.' My mind assents, but not my aching heart. 'Lord, there is no strength in me, but I am willing to feel as Thou wouldst have me. Thou art Love. I will praise Thee though my heart is torn asunder. Blessed be the name of the Lord.'

"A beam of light has crept into the darkness, a strain of heavenly music, a breath of ineffable peace.

"The light increases, the music comes nearer and grows sweeter, the peace flows like a river. I begin to understand. The Comforter is a Person as really as Christ is. He was standing just outside the barred door, the door of Praise. Thank God I have unbarred the door and He whom the Father sent in the name of Jesus has come in. Oh, I can say it now, blessed, thrice blessed, is the name of the Lord.

"Baby does not know me, but the agony is all gone,

Oh, how real is the unseen ! How beautiful the will of the Father.

"The Good Shepherd came for my lamb last night. He bindeth up the wounds of the broken hearted. What a marvelous work to give the oil of joy for mourning. The Comforter spans the gulf between the now and then. He who is caring for my husband and baby is caring for me. We are all in His Presence."

Joy comes in helping others. "He that watereth shall be watered also himself." Prov. 11:25. Three times Paul calls his converts his "joy." I Thess. 2:19, 20; Phil. 4:1.

The joy of Jesus was in blessing others. The good, like God, find their joy in doing for others.

A great general is said to have found a man once freezing to death. He aroused the perishing man, rubbed him, helped him to a place of warmth and shelter, and finally rejoiced to see him revived and safe.

Then the general said, "This is the happiest day I have ever known; I have saved a human life !"

A warden of a State prison found one bitter, cold, Christmas morning a little girl crouching close to the stone wall, her face and hands blue with cold.

She put out her thin hands and pleaded, "I'd like to see my father; I bring him something for Christmas. His name is —."

It was the name of a life convict, a notoriously bad man. The warden could not refuse, so he took the child in and sent for her father. The man came,

hard, sullen, angry, with no word of welcome for the child who waited tremblingly in front of him.

Bursting into tears, she cried out, "I—I—came to say, 'Merry Christmas,' father. I—I—thought maybe you'd be glad to see me. Ain't you glad, father?"

"Christmas!" His head dropped. The hard look was going out of his face, his eyes were moistening.

His little girl went on, "I—I—bring you something, father. It was all I could think of, and all I could get. I live at the poor house now." Unwrapping the bit of soft white paper in her hand, she held out a shining curl of yellow hair, carefully tied with a bit of old ribbon. "I wouldn't give this to anybody but you, father. You used to truly, really love little Johnny. Mother said you did—and so—"

The man fell on his knees with both hands clasped over his face.

"I did love him," he said, hoarsely. "I love him still; bad as I am, I love him still." "I know it," said the child, going closer, "and I knowed you'd like this, now that Johnnys' dead."

"Dead! dead!" wailed the broken-hearted man, rocking to and fro, still on his knees with his hands over his face. "My little boy!"

"Yes," said the child, "he died in the poor house last week, and there's no one left but me now. But I ain't going to forget you, father; I'm going to stick right by you, 'spite of what folks say, and some day maybe I can get you out of here. I'm going to try."

Sin, hate, anger and sullenness were no match for love like that, and the man threw out his arms and

gathered the little one to his breast and kissed her again and again as though his lips were hungry for love. All the sullenness of his heart gave way, and with it the hopelessness and the awful bitterness, and the two, clasped in each other's arms, wept and prayed together. And when an hour later the child bade him good-bye, there were tears on both faces; but there was a new love in one heart and on one face that smiled back in his daughter's face and sent her back to her lonely life a joyful little girl.

Joy comes through trial. We are bidden to "count it all joy" when beset by the adversary. James 1:2. We are to "glory in tribulations." Rom. 5:3. Faith, tried and true, brings joy.

It is said that when Melancthon was sorrowful and fearful in the dark hours of the Reformation, that Luther would say to him, "Come, let us sing the forty-sixth psalm and let earth and hell do their worst."

In the deepest darkness let us learn to sound the highest note of praise. A mother coming to understand that this was her privilege began to praise the Lord under heavy burdens and sore trials caused by a drunken son. She ceased weeping, ceased praying, but day by day she praised the Lord that He was able to save her boy. She was called suddenly one afternoon from a meeting. Her boy had cut his throat from ear to ear.

Her faith never wavered. As she went to his bedside she looked up and said, "Praise the Lord."

When she reached him he was unconscious, almost

gone, and two surgeons were sewing up the wounded throat. She looked into his white face and said, "Praise the Lord, He *is able* to save my boy, even yet."

Presently his eyes opened, his lips moved, faintly came the words, "Pray, mother, pray."

And she did pray, and God saved him, and to-day in a neighboring city a young man with a scar on his throat from ear to ear, goes about telling how he was saved because one mother knew how to praise God out of the deepest darkness.

Joy in God. The Divine joy springs up independent of circumstances when we remember God's precept to "Rejoice in the Lord alway," Phil. 4:4, and God's promise, "Lo, I am with you alway." Matt. 28:20.

Sorrow is to develop submission, bereavement to turn our eyes heavenward, perplexity to teach us patience, calumny to admonish us to love, vexations to help us to quietness of spirit, and false friendships to lead us into deeper experience of what God can be to those who love and trust Him.

If death never crossed our threshold, if shame never touched our lives, if friends were always kind, and servants always faithful, and money always plenty, and business always congenial, we might mistake the repose of circumstances for the peace of God. But He who calls to the suffering will be with the sufferer in an especial manner.

We read, "The Cananite was then in the land. And the Lord appeared unto Abram." Gen. 12:6, 7.

He is always with His own in time of trouble. Isaiah 41:8-10. He pointed out to the weeping Hagar the spring of water in the wilderness. Gen. 21:19. He found Elijah moaning under a juniper tree. I Kings 19:4-8. He walked with the faithful three through the fiery furnace. Dan. 3:25. He rejoiced the hearts of Paul and Silas in the Philippi prison. Acts 16:25. He came walking to the disciples on the storm-tossed sea. Matt. 14:25. He appeared to the apostle John on the lonely isle of Patmos. Rev. 1:9. He comes to me in every hour of trial, and comforts my heart with the thought that His heart's desire for me is, that my "joy" may "*be full.*" John 15:11.



CHAPTER VII.

OUT OF LAW INTO GRACE.

"For sin shall not have dominion over you ; for ye are not under the law but under grace." Rom. 6:14.

"The law " is the Mosaic, Jewish, Old Testament code, in distinction from the gospel of the New Testament, the grace of God which bringeth salvation.

The law came by Moses.

"Grace and truth came by Jesus Christ." John 1:17.

The law commanded, "Thou shalt not" sin. Exodus 20:1-20.

Grace promises, "Sin shall not have dominion over you. Rom. 6:13.

The law showed man his sins.

Grace shows man his Saviour.

Pastor B. Helm, from China, tells how a missionary was preaching Jesus as a perfect Saviour. The commandments were hanging where all could read them. At the end of the service a Chinaman came to the preacher and said, "Do you mean to tell me that the Jesus you preach will forgive just now ? I have broken all these laws except murder," (and he had done that, although he thought he had not). The

preacher looked to God to help him, and said, "Yes."

They knelt in prayer, and the Chinaman was saved. He went home and told his family he would smoke no more opium nor sell it. They were willing that he should give up smoking opium, but the traffic in it was their living. But he was true to God, gave up the business and brought twenty converts into the church that year.

Our salvation is not the reward of past desert or present endeavor. It comes supernaturally from above and not naturally from within. "It is given to us, not earned by us." Works are an *evidence* of salvation, not the *origin* of it.

"By *grace*" we are saved. Eph. 2:5, 8. "God so loved." John 3:16. Amazing condescension! God honored man with His own image, bound Himself to him in a solemn covenant, and redeemed him by His own blood. Rev. 1:5.

When tempted to question, "How can I obtain the favor of God?" remember His attitude is always one of blessing. "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us." I John 4:10. And "we love Him because He *first* loved us," when there was nothing in us to love and no response to His love. I John 4:19.

A little girl was playing with her doll while her mother was writing. After a while she called the child and took her on her lap. The little one said, "I am so glad, I wanted to love you so much, mamma."

"Did you, darling?" and she clasped her tenderly. "I am glad my daughter loves me so; but were you

lonely while I wrote? you and dolly seemed to be having a good time together."

"Yes, mamma, but I got tired of loving her."

"And why?"

"Oh, because she never loves me back!"

"And that is why you love me?"

"That is *one why*, mamma; but not the first one, or the best."

"And what is the first and best?"

"Why, mamma, don't you guess?" and the blue eyes grew bright and earnest. "It's because you loved me when I was too little to love you back; that's why I love you so."

The law knows no mercy. A young Gipsy condemned to die, pleaded piteously for mercy, but the judge had no power to save him and declared, "I am here to administer the law and that knows no mercy."

Grace is unmerited favor. Under grace the penitent prodigal is met afar off, and kissed and robed and feasted. Under grace the distressed debtor, who has "nothing to pay," is frankly forgiven. Luke 7:42. Under grace they who have been "cursed" for not keeping "all things which are written in the book of the law to do them," are redeemed "from the curse of the law," Gal. 3:10-13; 4:5. "For what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh, that the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit." Rom. 8:3, 4.

The law was a ministry of condemnation and death. II Cor. 3:9. It compelled the Jew to keep the seventh day. Num. 15:32-36.

Grace is a ministry of reconciliation. II Cor. 3:19. It has "no condemnation." Rom. 8:1. It constrains the Christian to worship on the first day because of love to Him who made it His resurrection day. John 20:1.

The law was a yoke of bondage. Gal. 5:1.

Grace is a yoke of rest. Matt. 11:29, 30.

Law is bondage; *grace* is freedom.

Mrs. M. Baxter, of London, once said: "My experience for six weeks was much like that of Job—blow after blow came upon me, some through my family, some through the condition of my body, and some through the work in which I was engaged, until I was almost afraid to open my eyes in the morning. I did not seem to know what the next step would be, and I seemed to lose even my power to pray. I could say 'God is good,' but when alone I was almost bewildered, and I said, 'What am I to do?'"

"One morning, while in prayer, the Lord showed me that I was to go to Switzerland and see Pastor Stockmayer, a friend who has often been helpful to me. There was a certain matter which one person thought I ought to know, but which I was not to tell the person concerned. This man told me conscientiously, and so I heard it; but it obliged me to pretend not to know what I really did know; and how shall a child of light walk in darkness? I told Mr. Stockmayer this circumstance, adding, 'I don't think you can counsel me about it, but pray for me.'"

"He paused for some moments, and then said: 'There is something in the position of things which is wrong, something that is not quite transparent. You are a child of light and have to pretend not to know what you do know; that is not light but darkness.'

"That moment I saw it and understood all God's dealings. It was just like letting one out of prison; the snare was broken and I felt as if I had wings.

"God taught me other lessons also. I had been burdened with work. Many said I did as much as three or four women. But God now gave me time to be alone with Him; sometimes I had four or five hours and I needed all.

"He then taught me much about these precious words, 'If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed.' John 8:36. 'Stand fast therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage.' Gal. 5:1.

"He showed me how my work had enslaved me, and that I was doing it more as a matter of necessity than as a free-will servant of the Lord, so that if I wanted to be alone with Him I could not. I was just like a mill-wheel, continually going round, and could not stop or somebody would suffer. But when I went away I was obliged to stop and God did not make them suffer.

"He showed me I was His property and had no right to be the slave of work. He showed me our place is to sit with Christ in heavenly places, and

that He has all things under His feet. But I had been under the feet of the Gospel Union, the Training Home, *Thy Healer*, *The Christian Herald* and *The Signal*, or any who wanted to have power over me; but not under Him. When He showed me this and opened the cage and let me out, I felt as a bird that has escaped from the fowler's snare. Psa. 124:7. I do not mean that I am a stronger woman than before, but the oppression which broke my spirit, and the temptation to irritability which threatened to overthrow me were gone. None whom the Son has set free have any right to be in bondage to their work, but should work in such liberty as to welcome any interruption which God permits; ministers, but not slaves."

Law demands all. *Grace* gives all. Gal. 2:20.

A missionary in Persia said to the one who was teaching her the language:

"Tell me a story, see if I can understand you."

This is the story: The great Shah Abbas, who reigned in Persia in olden times, loved to mingle with his people in disguise. Once walking alone, dressed as a poor man, in the streets of his capital, he descended a long flight of steps, dark and damp, till he reached the tiny cellar where the fireman, seated on ashes, was tending the furnace. The king sat down beside him and they began to talk. Presently, it being meal time, the fireman produced some coarse, black bread and a jug of water and they ate and drank. The Shah went away but returned again and again for his heart was filled with pity and sympathy

for the lonely man. He questioned him of his life, his joys and sorrows, he gave him sweet counsel, and the poor man opened to him his whole heart and loved this friend so kind, so wise, yet poor just like himself.

At last the emperor thought, "I will tell him who I am and see for what gifts he will ask me."

So he said, "You think me a poor man, but I am Shah Abbas, your emperor."

He expected a petition for some great thing, but the man sat silent, gazing on him with love and wonder.

The king said, "Have you not understood, or do you not believe me? I can make you rich and noble, can give you a city, appoint you a great ruler. Have you nothing to ask?"

The man replied gently, "Yes, my lord, I understand, I believe. But what is this that you have done, to leave your palace and your glory to sit with me in this dark place, to partake of my coarse fare, to listen to my thoughts, to care whether my heart is glad or sorry? Even now you can give nothing greater or more precious. On others you may bestow rich presents, but to me you have given yourself, and it only remains to pray that you never withdraw the gift of your friendship."

The narrator paused for a moment. The missionary looked on the dark, care-worn face of the Christian Moslem, an exile and fugitive from his home, and wondered what depth of meaning that story held for him.

Then the Moslem said, "Kanum, I am old, I am poor, I have lost all for Christ's sake. Sometimes Satan tempts me strongly, saying, 'For what have you sacrificed ease, money, promotion, the love and honor of friends, the joys of this life. Your wife and daughter have cast you off, your own sisters will not eat from the same dish with you, you have become so vile and unclean to them. Give up this faith which you have learned from aliens, and which is all a delusion and a dream, and return to the faith of your fathers.'

"So my mind is filled with doubt and darkness and shakes like a leaf in the wind. Then I remember my wretched state, dark and lost in sin in the days of my youth, and how, when I knew not and cared not for God, He chose and called and drew me, and made Himself my everlasting portion, and how Jesus humbled Himself for me, and I say, 'Let my Lord only not withdraw His presence from my poor heart, from the lowly dwelling which is all I have to offer Him, and I desire no more. Once I asked of Him money and rich gifts, now I want only Himself.'"

Under grace we appreciate the God of all grace. We serve, not because we are compelled by law, but because we are constrained by love. We are no longer servants but sons. Not His gifts, but Himself is the goal of our desires, the answer to every longing.

CHAPTER VIII.

OUT OF WAR INTO PEACE.

"To guide our feet into the way of peace." Luke 1:79.

"On earth, peace, good will toward men." Luke 2:14.

"My peace I give unto you." John 14:17.

The sinner is at war with God and all that is good. He is the enemy of his best Friend. He must be reconciled to God. He is full of unrest, antagonism, and those who have the ministry of reconciliation feel constantly to say to him, "We pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God." II Cor. 5:20. Being perfectly reconciled the sinner has,

I. PEACE WITH GOD.

"Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." Rom. 5:1. This is the peace of justification, pardon, reconciliation and assurance. This peace comes through faith in the wounds of "His hands and His side." John 20:20. Christ, the gift of God, is our peace. Eph, 2:14. We have "peace through the blood of His cross." Col. 1:20.

A sinner has not to make his peace with God, but to accept the peace made on Calvary. Pastor C. I. Scofield says:

"In my boyhood I was a Confederate soldier. The

time came when the cause failed. Did I have to go to Mr. Lincoln and make peace with him about my part in it? No. General Grant and General Lee met and made peace, and all I had to do was to accept that peace. I heard the good news that peace was made, believed it, and entered into peace with the United States Government and have ever since loved it next to God and my family."

We can not buy peace. Christ bought it with His blood. George F. Pentecost was called to see a dying woman. She was much distressed, as she had but a few days to live, and cried out:

"Oh! I have not made my peace with God."

"Well, I have come to tell you good news," said he, and opening the Bible he read, "The chastisement of our peace was upon Him." Isaiah 53:5.

Then he said, "You see you do not need to make your peace with God. Christ did that long ago. You have only to accept the pardon He procured for you. Will you do it now?"

A change came over her face. She forgot all about her visitor. She turned to the wall and said, "Oh, isn't it nice that the dear Son of God came into the world to make peace for the like of me?"

The evangelist slipped away, but many a time afterward her words brought a thrill of joy to his soul.

A sinner can not make his peace with God any more than a condemned criminal can make his peace with the Government whose laws he has violated. The official executive must grant a pardon and the sinner must accept it; then he can go in peace. It

pleased the Father that in Jesus should all fulness dwell, and He made peace for us by the blood of the cross. Col. 1:19, 20.

"He is our peace who hath made *both one*, and hath broken down the middle wall of *partition*." Eph. 2:14-18.

Policeman Gossett tells how he stood outside Dr. Thurston's house one Christmas eve, on a cold corner, at the junction of three roads. The wind blew from all three quarters. It was cold, keen, boisterous, and he shivered. It was nearly midnight. Every now and then sounds of merriment could be heard through an open window in the Doctor's house. At last the merriment ceased, and in the hush that followed Gosset heard the voice of prayer. He could almost hear the words. Presently there came stealing through the open window, sweet and clear, the old familiar Christmas hymn :

"Hark, the herald angels sing—
Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled."

"Peace on earth" were the words that rang in Gosset's ears as he walked slowly down the road. "Peace on earth," he said, with a mocking laugh, "I don't see much signs of it. It's my belief there's precious little of it for a fellow in this world; anyhow I've never come across it," and he sighed as he turned the corner.

Then the sergeant's whistle sounded, and he found his officer awaiting him. "I've been detained," the

sergeant said, "I had to stay and help 316 with a drunken fellow—that Rogers again. Only last week he was 'bound over to keep the peace.'"

"Peace!" The word fell with jarring sound on Gosset's ears. Half bitterly he said, "Keep the peace, indeed; I shouldn't think there's any peace to keep; you must find it before you can keep it, I should say."

"You're right, Gosset, it must be found; but thank God *it can be found*, and not only a peace that can be kept, but *a peace that keeps*."

The sergeant spoke as one who knew what he was saying, and under the light of a brilliant gas lamp Gosset saw the look of peace on his face.

"Well, *I've* never found it—a policeman doesn't see much of it."

"*'Tisn't seeing it around you, but having it within you,*" said the sergeant. "Most folks make a mistake and begin at the wrong end. *Peace doesn't work from outside in, but from inside out*, and, thank God, I have proved a policeman can be kept in perfect peace." Drawing from his pocket a small Bible, he opened it and read, "*Acquaint now thyself with Him, and be at peace.*" Job 22:21.

"You've got many an acquaintance about here, Gosset, and some of them you're none the better for, but there's one Friend you've never got to know yet, and my advice to you is, *make His acquaintance*, for this is a blessed promise to all who do. You may have it to-night, Gosset. I found peace when I went to God in the name of Jesus, as a poor sinner. He

showed me Jesus made peace by the blood of His cross. Being justified by faith I *had* peace with God, and not only peace *with* God, through the death of Jesus, but peace *from* God through a living Saviour; that He Himself could fill even a policeman's heart with His peace that passeth all understanding."

Gosset took his comrade's advice, and soon in another part of London, was a living witness for Christ, respected by all, wondered at by some, and loved by many, he sought by lip and life to tell others the way to peace with God.

II. PEACE OF GOD.

"In nothing be anxious; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall guard your hearts and your thoughts in Christ Jesus." Phil. 4:6, 7, (R. V.) The peace of God is the peace of communion, which grows out of our attitude toward God, our conduct toward others, and our faithfulness in prayer. Phil. 4:4-6.

After Jesus was crucified the disciples were "full of doubts concerning Christ and full of dread concerning themselves." They were a little band of men in a wicked, hostile city, whose authorities three days before had cruelly murdered their Master, and meant to stamp out the sect of the Nazarine. They were as sheep among wolves, in real, terrible danger. The presence of Jesus brought "glad peace." John 20:20.

Worry is a prevalent sin. The remedy for it is Christ "in the midst." To live in the conscious presence of Christ, anxious for "nothing," prayerful for "everything," thankful for anything, is to have peace.

Henry Dyer says, "We know not how soon danger to life may encompass us; the danger to the outside quiet of our circumstances is greater every day. Where is our peace? Not that deposit in the bank, not the kind friends who can give shelter, not the fact of youth or health, or energy. This is it: that our life is hid with Him above and not below. Col. 3:3.

"I laugh at famine, smile at fear,
While telling all my riches o'er;
I see my Lord and Shepherd near,
And in His fulness find my store."

"Fulness of peace by the blood, as touching the conscience; fulness of victory as touching all circumstances. If you want peace as you walk down city streets, take care that you see the Lord. If you want peace in your family, peace in your shop, peace under all gathering evils, always have Jesus in view." Be more than conquerors through Him. Rom. 8:37.

Archbishop Leighton says: "When thou art to do or to suffer, when thou art about any purpose or business, tell God about it, yea, burden Him with it—and thou shalt have no more care, but sweet, quiet diligence in thy duty, and dependence on Him for the carriage of thy matters."

Rev. Charles Hodge says: "As far back as I can remember I had a habit of thanking God for every-

thing that I received and of asking Him for everything I wanted. If I lost a book or any of my playthings I prayed that I might find it. I prayed walking along the streets, in school and out of school, whether playing or studying. I thought of God as everywhere present, full of kindness and love."

Peace comes through the conscious presence of a risen Redeemer given for us, wounded for us, living for us. "Then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord." John 20:20. As one says, not when they saw the "doors shut," for the bolts might not be strong enough; not when they thought of the provisions stored up, for they might not last until the hatred against them had subsided, but glad when they saw the Lord, to whom bolts were no obstruction, and who was more than a match for any emergency or any enemy. Having the peace of God we dread no outward disturbance and feel no inward storm.

"If peace be in the heart,
The wildest winter storm is full of solemn beauty,
The midnight lightning-flash but shows the path of duty;
Each living creature tells some new and joyous story,
The very trees and stones all catch a ray of glory
If peace be in the heart."

III. GOD OF PEACE.

"*Those things . . . do; and the God of peace shall be with you.*" Phil. 4:9. The God of Peace is given to the obedient as a companion Phil. 4:9; Rom. 15:33; a sanctifier, I Thess. 5:23; and a victor over Satan, Rom. 16:20; and then they are ready for the out-work-

ing through them of the God of peace in service—ready for Paul's prayer, "*Now the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do His will, working in you that which is well pleasing in His sight through Jesus Christ, to whom be glory forever and ever Amen.*" Heb. 13:20, 21.

"Peace is one of the great words of the Bible," says J. R. Miller, "it is a transfigured word. It shines like a brilliant diamond. It includes the blessings and the graces of the spiritual life. To have peace is to be rich. To be a maker of peace is to be a dispenser of even the best heaven has to give."

Some one tells how a line of holy song brought peace. The story is given in the history of the surrender of the Apaches to Lieut. Ord, Gen. Miles' orderly in the Geronimo campaign. Out in the middle of the desert, miles from white men, Ord was surprised at hearing the sound of a human voice.

Approaching cautiously a thicket of cactus, he heard the words, "O, how I love Jesus!"

Fearful of treachery he advanced cautiously, but all the while that voice continued singing, over and over, "O, how I love Jesus!"

After more than an hour, Ord discovered that the singer was an Indian. Covering him with his carbine, he rushed at him, ordering him to surrender. The Apache threw up both hands and made the sign of peace, continuing to sing, "O how I love Jesus!" The lieutenant took the Indian back to Gen. Miles'

camp, where it was learned through the interpreter that he had been sent out by one of the Apache chiefs to say that the Indians were ready to treat for peace.

He was the only Indian in that party who could speak a word of English, and all that he could say was: "O, how I love Jesus!" words he learned from a missionary.

IV. PEACE WITH OTHERS.

This is the peace of love and unity. Jesus is the great, blessed Peacemaker. Matt. 5:9. The gates of the temple of Janus were shut in token of universal peace when Jesus came, prophecy of the time when they "shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into scythes; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." Isaiah 2:4. Marg.

We are told to "Live in peace," II Cor. 13:11. To "have peace one with another," Mark 9:50. To "follow after the things which make for peace," Romans 14:19. To "follow peace with all men and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord," Hebrews 12:14. Strife is direct disobedience and brings its own peculiar punishment.

A sleigh heavily loaded with passengers met a smaller sleigh with only the driver and his small load. The little sleigh kept the middle of the drifted road, and the driver of the other sleigh turning clear out, upset his sleigh and plunged his passengers in the chilly drifts. Loud was their wrath.

"Why didn't you make that little fellow turn out?"

"Why didn't you upset him into the drifts?"

"Why didn't you run over him?"

"Could have done it, but I hated to spoil his load."

"What was he hauling?"

"Dynamite."

They accepted his apology and were silent. I wonder if they, or if we, have learned the lesson that it is possible to insist upon our rights and lose more than we gain.

William Rogers Campbell says: "The man who knows his rights and his power, but will not be the slave of any situation, will serve a loftier end by concession and delay, and like Isaac reap large rewards. The man who holds back, even though he have vast interests at stake, who is willing to arbitrate, who is a father of his hot-headed fellow-men, will confirm the testimony of the Psalmist, 'Thou hast set my feet in a large place.'

"In primitive society, and also in more advanced social and political life, there is a loud call for a modern patriarch who is a peacemaker. Such men, as well as the colonist and stranger, will find the Lord has moved back the crowd for them and given them a platform of power and prosperity. The whole of His domain has not been allotted by the Lord to the crafty, the cruel, the profane."

A converted heathen, a candidate for church fellowship, said at a missionary meeting: "I have lived during the reign of four kings; in the first we were continually at war, and a fearful season it was—watch-

ing and hiding with fear. During the reign of the second king we were overtaken with a severe famine, and all expected to perish; then we ate rats and grass and wood. During the reign of the third we were conquered, and became the peck and prey of the two other settlements; then, if a man went to fish he rarely ever returned, or if a woman went any distance to fetch food she was rarely ever seen again. But during the reign of this third king we were visited by another King, a King of love—Jesus, the Lord from heaven. He gained the victory; He conquered our hearts; therefore we now have peace on earth, and hope soon to dwell with Him forever.”

The following “rules for peaceful living,” were written for her own guidance, by a lady whose sweetness and gentleness commended her to all who knew her:

1. Complain only to God. “As for me, is my complaint to man?” Job 21:4.

2. Avoid all self-justification. “When he was accused he answered nothing.” Matt. 27:12.

3. Seek not the favor from men, but the favor of God only. Eccl. 5:7.

4. Avoid all expression of morbid feeling. Phil. 4:8.

5. Avoid argument or any uncalled-for expression of opposing opinion. Pray instead. “The servant of the Lord must not strive.” II Tim. 2:24.

6. Avoid saying or doing anything which would make another uncomfortable. Pray instead. “Be harmless as doves.” Matt. 10:16.

7. Say, do or think nothing for display. If tempted,

pray. "Not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think." Rom. 12:3.

8. Beware of detraction. If tempted, pray. "Walk in love." Eph. 5:2.

9. Beware of guile. If tempted, pray. "Neither was guile found in his mouth." I Peter 2:22.

10. Take all things as they come. Pray to the Lord of all. "All these things." Isaiah 45:7.

11. Labor not to bear the burdens of to-morrow. Only pray. "Wait on the Lord and he shall save thee." Proverbs 20:22.

12. Leave the past with Jesus. Phil. 3:13, 14; Hebrews 6:1.



CHAPTER IX.

OUT OF CONFLICT INTO VICTORY.

"Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory."
I Cor. 15:57.

The sinner is neither a citizen of heaven, nor a soldier of the cross. He is a foreigner, an alien, without God and without a place in God's kingdom. Eph. 2:12. The fully saved one, wholly surrendered to God, is a soldier of the cross, who has—

I. VICTORY OVER TEMPTATION.

It is no sin to be tempted ; the sin is in yielding to the temptation. Jesus "suffered being tempted," Heb. 2:18. He never sinned being tempted, for He always was victorious. The command is, "Enter not into temptation." Matt. 26:41. It is no sin to have temptation enter into you, but it is a sin to enter into temptation. A quick, decided "No" to every temptation of the adversary is the easy way to victory.

A weak woman's failure to say "No" brought sin into this world.

A weak man's failure to say "No" crucified our Lord for our sins. If Pilate had been strong and decided in his answer to the Jews at the beginning, how different his record had been.

A little boy said to one of his playmates: "How

is it you never go with any bad boys, or get into bad scrapes?"

"O," was the answer, "that is because I never say 'No' *easy*."

He said "No," decidedly, as if he meant it. When tempted to do wrong, do not say "No *easy*."

If the lad, invited to spend a Lord's day on a steam-boat excursion, had said "No" firmly, he would not be to-day in the county jail.

If the lad tempted to stay at home from school and write his own excuse had promptly answered "No," he would not be in a forger's cell.

If the lad tempted to his first drink had said "No" decidedly, he would not be a gutter drunkard.

If the merchant had dared to say "No," when asked to endorse the note for a friend, he would not now be a bankrupt.

If the wife had dared to say "No" to the temptation to launch into luxurious and extravagant living, the husband might have weathered the financial storm that swamped him.

If the mother had given a decided "No" to the daughter's request to go to dancing school, the girl might have been a happy wife and not a wandering outcast.

If the minister had said "No" to the temptation to waste time, health and money on tobacco, he might have kept the respect of his people and been mightily used of God to help them.

If the Church had said "No" to the devil's suggestion to raise money by renting pews, and oyster

suppers and conformity to the world, it would not have been now wholly destitute of spiritual power. A long step toward victory for the Church and people is a quick, positive "No" to every advance of the enemy.

Martin Luther was offered the position of cardinal if he would be quiet. He answered: "No, not if I might be Pope. Let me be counted a fool or anything, so I be not found guilty of cowardly silence."

A Chinese scholar, urged by a missionary to become a Christian, said, "I dare not. If I attempt to give up my opium I shall die." But he went to the mission again and again and heard the gospel. One Sunday he said, "I am going to be a Christian. I am going to give up Confucianism, but first *I am going to give up my opium.*"

The preacher answered, "We are glad of that, but be careful. Do it gradually. It is serious business."

He said, "I know it is, but I am not going to do it gradually. It is wrong, and from this moment I will never touch opium as long as I live."

He was employed by a rich merchant, a great opium smoker. One night his employer said to him, "Come away to your opium."

"No," he replied, "I am never going to smoke it again."

The merchant replied, "Before midnight you will want it. When you do, here it is on the tray, the opium and the lights."

Midnight came and found this man in intense agony. Every bone in his body ached, and elicited an indescribable wail. Sleep fled from his eyes, and

the pain increased. It was a terrible conflict. In the next room was the opium, but he never took a step towards it, although it seemed the night would never end. He would suffer but he would not touch the opium. The temptation entered his very soul, but his spirit would not enter into temptation, and God did not suffer him to be tempted above that he was able to bear, and afterward, becoming a missionary, he knew how to help the tempted.

II. VICTORY OVER TEMPER.

The *Sunday School World* tells how Rev. Stephen H. Tyng speaking in his Sunday-school on the idea that in every one there is some kind of animal, likened the liar to a serpent with its fangs, a frivolous boy to a monkey with its antics, the vain child to a peacock spreading itself to be admired, and the angry child to a tiger. After the talk he gave out a hymn. The children did not respond promptly, and began to sing in confusion. His face flushed. He rapped sharply on the desk, and spoke emphatically. A little girl swept into forgetfulness of self by the vehemence of the preacher, pointed her finger at him and called out, "Tiger!" • A hush fell upon the room. Mr. Tyng walked down the aisle, took the little girl, shrinking and frightened, in his arms, quieted her fears with his benign smile, walked back to the platform, caressing her, said to the children, "Yes, she has told the truth. My enemy all my life has been the tiger in me. I have a hard battle to keep him caged. Every now and then he breaks loose in spite of me; and it

is because I have had such a hard battle that I want you children to tame the tiger in you while you are young." What a pity he did not know that God could take the tiger out, and could have told them that.

III. VICTORY OVER TRIAL.

1. *Victory through prayer.* The promise is, "Call unto me, and I will answer thee." Jer. 33:3.

Pastor Warren went to a mission one night with his wife. It was late when the exercises were over, and he had but nine cents for his own and Mrs. Warren's car fare. He could not borrow, and he knew not what to do. It was too far for him to walk home, even if he had been willing to let his wife ride alone, so late in the evening. He remembered that Jesus said even the hairs of your head are numbered, and he lifted up his heart to our heavenly Father, who knows our little perplexities as well as our deep afflictions. He was impressed to cross the street and go to the opposite corner. He did so, and there under the electric light was a copper cent, so new and bright it was easily seen. He took it up with a joyful heart. He had now the ten cents necessary for two car fares. But the blessed assurance that God took care of him, even in the least things, was worth more to him than any amount of money.

2. *Victory through praise.* In trials and testings victory comes when we remember to give "thanks always for all things." Eph. 5:20. When Saul hunted David and sought his life, the Psalmist "played with his hand, as at other times." I Sam. 18:10.

When Daniel was threatened with death in the lion's den, he "gave thanks before his God, *as he did afore-time.*" Daniel 6:10.

A blind fruit-vender in Minneapolis who had been accustomed to repine when sales were small, was converted, and his life became one of joyful praises.

Shortly after, as he returned one evening, his wife asked, "What kind of a day have you had, John?" He only laughed, and said, "The kind of a day our Father wanted me to have. The business is His now, and if He wants a poor day I've nothing to grumble about."

Seth Rees says, "If a man has trials it is because God sees there is something in him worth putting in a crucible. If you and I are severely tested we ought to be comforted in the thought that God has conferred upon us the honor. He knows what we are able to stand, and He lets just the things come to us that we can endure to the glory of His name. Satan has sense enough to know where the valuables are, and he goes for them. A pirate goes for a loaded ship. When a man is promoted through grace Satan holds a caucus and sends a committee to wait on him. When God sees there is hard wood which can be polished, He lets the testing come. Our trials, whether they be at the camp-meeting, in the kitchen, in the counting-room, or in the field, are to wake up the latent power in the soul. You can never wear the same clothes after you have been through a lion's den or an Egyptian prison. You are never the same after

passing through the furnace. You outstrip everything you ever had.

“Not what God gives, but what He takes
Uplifts us to the holiest height;
On truth's rough crags life's current breaks
To diamond light.”

Surely this is cause for praise.

3. *Victory through patience.* In the agony of the garden, Christ prayed to be delivered from the cup of death, which Satan sought to press to His lips, but thinking of the cross, he said, “The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?” John 18:11. The cup of death at Satan's hands was revolting to Christ's holy soul, but the cup of the cross at His Father's hands He would gladly drink. In the suffering that was the Father's will for Him, He did not see Satan, He only saw God.

Andrew Murray tells how the wife of a godly minister came to him in distress, and said, “I want your help. My husband takes a ride before breakfast and does not return in time for prayers. It is such a bad example for the boys. I have talked to him, but he will not listen. He says it is for his health, and I can have prayers as well as he can. I do so pray the Lord to put him right. Will you speak to him?”

Andrew Murray wisely said, “No, I will not speak to him. I think you should ask the Lord to put you right first.”

“Me right? Is it not right that he should be at family prayers? Isn't it right lovingly to talk to him about it, and to pray about it?”

"Yes."

"Then why ask the Lord to put me right?"

The good man said, "Every time don't you feel worried?"

"Yes, but I have reason."

"That is just the evil. God wants you to bear patiently what your husband does, even if is not perfectly right. Unless you learn to bear it as the will of God, He will have to put you right, and will not till then put your husband right. About great troubles you have learned to say, 'Thy will be done,' though you say it with a bleeding heart, but the little troubles are God's will as much as the great ones. So I say to you God wants you to get right first before you pray about your husband."

She did not agree with him, and said, "I do not think that is right," but she took the good man's advice and stopped worrying over the trial and accepted it as the will of God and left the husband alone.

Three weeks afterward she said to Andrew Murray, "I can not thank you enough for what you have told me about the will of God, for God was all the time dealing with me; wanting to teach me a lesson of perfect love. Things all came right. He just of himself gave up the morning ride."

Here is one secret of the Christian life. A bad servant, a naughty child, a worrying husband, these things are the will of God to you. It is not the will of God that they should do the naughtiness, but it is the will of God that you should bear the trial. Only the Christian who has learned to accept all as the will

of God, can have the peace which nothing can take away. Any trouble in housekeeping, with husband or friends, you must learn to accept as the will of God. If not, with every trouble that comes you will get worried, and lose the deep peace of soul promised in the precious Book, and say a word not full of the love of God, that will break your power, and your influence over the children in a way you will never know. Half the trouble in the Christian life comes from the way we treat the wrongs of others. We can not live the true Christian life until we learn in everything to welcome God. Is God in everything? Can anything come for a moment between God and me? No; not if I recognize Him in everything. That person who breaks a valuable piece of china, that child who has spoiled a lovely table cover, how often it brings up a momentary worry! But that was God's will. Get your eyes so opened to see God all around you, that nothing can separate you from the will of God.

There is a good story told of the poet Longfellow, and how he overcame the charge of plagiarism by patience. They said that in his Indian poem, *Hiawatha*, he had followed closely the form and substance of *The Kalevala*, the national epic of Finland. When the charges began to appear Longfellow was profoundly indifferent, but his publisher suggested that a reply be written.

"Well, I'll think about it," said Mr. Longfellow and the matter dropped.

The press continued to echo and re-echo the charge

and the publisher again called on the poet, saying, "Really, Mr. Longfellow, it is high time this charge was answered."

Again Longfellow said, "I'll see about it," adding quietly, "How is the book selling?"

"Oh, wonderfully well," said the publisher.

"Better than my other books?"

"Oh, much better."

Shortly after this interview the *Tribune* came out with almost a page on the subject. The publisher, now really excited, called on the poet again.

"It will not do," he said, decidedly, "to let this thing go on any longer."

"How does the book sell?"

"Amazingly—the sale is already equal to the combined sales of your other books."

"Then," said Longfellow, "I think we ought to be thankful to these critics. Let them talk. Seems to me they are giving us a large amount of gratuitous advertising. Better let them alone."

And let alone they were. Some years afterward The Kalevala was translated into English and then it was plainly to be seen that Longfellow was no plagiarist.

IV. VICTORY TO BLESS OTHERS.

The unsaved watch the saved, the unsanctified have an eagle eye upon the sanctified, the unbeliever longs to see some flaw in the believer. They watched Him, they watch us. In a tract published by the Young Ladies' Christian League, Madame Cavalies,

a native of India, whose father was the first of ninety thousand Parsees to embrace Christianity, tells how his conversion grew out of his watching a saintly Christian teacher. As a lad of eighteen, belonging to a wealthy family, and the only child spared out of seven, he was specially loved. As a youth, a great mathematician, anxious to gain more knowledge, he joined the Money School, or Esplanade College, against the will of his relatives, for it was in this college that he watched the life of an English clergyman, who proved a beacon light to the watching student. To use his own words :

"I longed for some show of temper, some little word of anger, but there was none." Through buffeting and abuse, in street preaching, he was always gentle, and though I spurned the Christian religion, I respected its humble, lowly follower."

During a short illness of this saintly English clergyman, the student was sorely tried by the unkind treatment of the professor's short-lived successor, who was as worldly and harsh as the other was Christ-like. One morning, with home work correct, at the head of his class of fifty-four—a place he kept for five years—he was told in a peremptory way:

"Go down to the bottom of the class." This made him angry.

"What for?" he asked, stamping his foot.

"Because I told you to, you insolent youth," was the angry rejoinder.

"I will leave the school," said the student, "no

one shall say I give dissatisfaction ; it used not to be so when Mr. Valentine was here."

When he had, with a flushed face, taken his place at the bottom of the class, who should he see standing before him, but the dear old clergyman, who had come in for a moment.

He understood the situation, but not wishing to put down the position of the principal, he said in a soft voice, "Mr. Sorabjii, I am so sorry this has happened, I wanted you to set a good example to your classmates ; however, go to my study, please, and wait there till I come ; it may be for hours, for I am going to a sick bed ; but do not go away until I see you."

The promise to stay was given and kept. It was four o'clock in the afternoon when the student first went up, and as hour after hour went by he still lingered, for on a table near a window he had found the Book of Eternal Life. With a curiosity to see what there was in the Holy Bible to so influence a life, he opened it at the fifth of Matthew, or, rather, God opened it for him. The stars came out in the sky and still he read on to the tenth chapter. The moon came up at last, and with its beautiful, soft rays, touched the bowed head, for the student, with his face on the book, and eyes streaming with joyous tears, had caught the Divine Light. When the clergyman came, he saw the kneeling figure, and thinking he had fallen asleep touched his shoulder. The face was lifted, and then came the thrilling words:

"Thy people shall be my people, and thy God shall be mine"

The Spirit had revealed God, first, through the life, and then thro' His Word. Persecution followed. His parents starved themselves to death, his wife committed suicide, he, the much loved, the idolized, the son of so wealthy and old a family, so great a religion, had become a Christian dog, better death than such degradation. He stood alone by Christ's side, the first one of ninety thousand ; imprisonment for five days, perils by water, attempts at poison, attempts at stoning, had no power to frighten him ; steadfast to the last. For fifty-five years an earnest Christian, never looking back, preaching to all men alike, without remuneration, using voice, talent, money, in the service of his King ; and with his last breath, on August 14, 1894, he testified to his surrounding relatives of the cleansing power. "One Redeemer," he said, "one Mediator, even Christ our Lord."

V. VICTORY THROUGH CONFLICT.

There was never a conquest without a battle, never a triumph without a trial, never a victory without a conflict.

"An old soldier had a grandchild whom he dearly loved and longed to have become an expert, accomplished swordsman. He obtained for him the greatest master in Europe, and had him come and live in the family and begin the instruction early and continue it to manhood. At first the sword play was slow and gentle ; the boy was favored and humored ; as he grew stronger and more alert, supple of wrist and quick of eye, the master pressed him a little

harder. Once in a while he would say, 'Now, open play, do your best to touch me.' Then standing on the defensive he would parry the boy's thrusts and passes, touching him with the point of his foil on the face, breast and arm, every once in awhile he exposed himself to show him that his skill was not yet perfect. The boy improved wonderfully ; such constant practice, with such a skillful antagonist, brought him nearer and nearer to perfection. He became a man, an athlete, lithe as a leopard, quick as lightning, with all the skill and finish of the master himself. All he lacked now was absolute fearlessness, the boldness and audacity that comes from a full realization of one's prowess ; to develop this the master pursued a different course ; he spared him no longer, he attacked him with all the fierceness and intensity of actual combat. The face and breast of each were protected by mask and pad so that no accident need be feared, and each was free to use all his skill and strength untrammelled. So the master practiced every art and trick that his wide knowledge and skill could suggest, he took every advantage as though he was his most implacable foe ; he made every endeavor to catch him foul, to break down his guard, to deceive him by feint, ruse and perplexing maneuver. How else could he perfect him up to the full measure of his own skill ? How otherwise could he be thoroughly equipped to meet the deadly foe ? The man entered this new phase of instruction with all the fervor of an enthusiast ; he had an all-absorbing passion for the glint of steel and the clash of con-

tending weapons ; he, in turn, pressed the master ; he neither asked nor gave any favor ; he caught the master's spirit ; it was no longer play, it was dead earnest, and their very faces grew stern and grim as they plied one another with might and main ; the lookers-on became fearful lest one should altogether forget and do the other some awful injury. So the lessons went on when one day as the pupil pressed the master with unusual zeal, and making a savage lunge, struck against his padded breast with a force that staggered him ; the master sprang back with an exclamation of alarm and lowered his weapon, ' You are terrible,' he said, ' I resign my office as instructor ; you are fully my match ; I can teach you nothing more ; not a man in Europe can stand before your blade.' Do you not see the application ? How could the Infinite Master bring you to the full measure of perfection unless He treated you as He does. You are a babe no longer ; neither a child ; you have gone on unto full growth, and you *know* Him whom you have believed and He *knows* you, and treats you as one who is to be His equal, speedily ; and this is why He tries you—why He seems to strike you foul—to take unfair advantage and even to deceive you, Jer. 20:7. You know His purpose, and what it all means, and so you stick with a doggedness of faith that can not be shaken, and you wait for the one thing, life, eternal life—"the life which is life indeed." I Timothy 6:19. R. V.

CHAPTER X.

OUT OF DEATH INTO LIFE.

I am the way, the truth and the life. John 14:6.

The sinner, though alive physically, is dead spiritually, dead in "sins," Eph. 2:1; Col. 2:13, and in subjection to Satan and under the condemnation of God. He has no spiritual life. His heart never beats with love to God, he never ministers to a fellow being out of pure love for Christ. Faith in the Saviour's death is his only way to life. Believing that Jesus, the Christ, atoned for his sins, he is born again. I John 5:1. He has a new existence. He is in another world. He begins to know the meaning of the words, "God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son." I John 5:11.

I. LIFE THROUGH CHRIST.

Christ took our place of death and gave us His place of life; He took our place of sinfulness and gave us His place of righteousness.

A poor, unlettered old woman was once accosted by a skeptic, "Well, Betty, so you are one of the saints, are you? Pray, what sort of folks are they, and what do you know about religion eh?"

"Well, well," replied the old creature, "You know, sir, I'm no scholar, so can't say much for the meaning of it; I only know I'm saved by grace, and that's enough to make me happy here, and I expect to go to heaven bye and bye."

"But surely you can tell me something nearer than that. What does being saved feel like?"

"Why, it feels to me," said the Spirit-taught one, "just as if *the Lord stood in my shoes and I stood in His'n.*" Gal. 2:20.

Christ took our place and gave us His.

He became the Son of man that we might become the children of God. I John 3:2.

He became a partaker of our human nature that we might be partakers of His divine nature. Heb. 2:9; II Peter 1:4.

He was born in a manger, Luke 2:7, that we might live in a mansion. John 14:2.

He was made sin that we might be made the righteousness of God. II Cor. 5:21.

He took our sickness to give us His health. Matt. 8:16, 17.

He was weary that He might give us rest. John 4:6; Matt. 11:28.

He was exceeding sorrowful that we might have exceeding great joy. Matt. 2:10; 26:38; John 15:11.

He was condemned that for us there might be no condemnation. Luke 23:24; Rom. 8:1.

He became poor that we might be rich. II Cor. 8:9.

He took our place of death that we might have His place of life. Heb. 2:9, last clause; I John 4:9.

Three little children were lost in the woods. As night came on Mary, the eldest, only six years of age, quietly placed the two little ones in a sheltered nook on the sea beach ; and fearing the cold, chilly night, stripped off most of her own clothes to keep them warm. She gathered dry sea-weed, and whatever else she could find, to cover them. Having tenderly in this way wrought to make them a nest, she at last fell down exhausted with the cold. The loving father and mother passed the night in searching and in tears, till early in the morning, lying fast asleep, and somewhat numbed with cold, were found little Johnny and Lizzie. But, oh ! a touching spectacle lay near them ; their little savior was stiff, cold and dead on the sea-weed which the poor little child-heroine had not strength to drag into the nook, where those she so deeply loved, and died to save, were sleeping.

Again, there is a deeper meaning than many have found in the statement of the Son of God, "The words that I speak unto you . . . are life." John 6:63. There is real enjoyment and power and life in meditating on a single word from the lips of Jesus. The "*will*" is found six times in John 6:37-40. Three times it is the will of the Father, three times the will of the Son, but they are one. The words, "I will," were often on the lips of Jesus. Matt. 8:3, 7; John 14:21. He never once turned a suppliant away. Meditation shows me that the "*will*" of God for His own is

1. Salvation in the first resurrection. John 6:39, 40; Rev. 20:4-6.

2. Sanctification. I Thess. 4:3.

3. Service. Acts 13:36.

4. Satisfaction. Psalm 91:14-16.

5. Strength. Zech. 10:12.

6. Suffering. I Peter 3:17; 4:19; Acts 9:16.

7. Sovereignty. Rev. 3:21.

This is but a faint picture of the love of the Loving One, *He who loved*, John 13:1, and suffered, I Peter 2:23.

"*He*," the personal Christ, who is Life, Col. 3:3; Light, John 1:4; Love, I John 4:8.

"*He*," of whom it is written over and over that He "*gave Himself*" for us. Gal. 1:4; 2:20; I Tim. 2:6; Tit. 2:14; Eph. 5:2, 25.

"*He*," who *Himself* "bare our sins," I Peter 2:24; who "*Himself* . . . bare our sicknesses." Matt. 8:27.

"*He*" who made *Himself* of no reputation, but put away sin by the sacrifice of *Himself*, Heb. 9:26, when He offered up *Himself*. Heb. 7:27.

"*He*" who *Himself* became a partaker of our human nature and *Himself* suffered being tempted, that He might rescue the tempted. Heb. 2:14, 18.

"*He*" who left us as one last legacy the precious word, "The Father *Himself* loveth you." John 16:27.

"*He*" who *Himself* sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high. Heb. 1:3.

"*He*" who "*Himself* shall descend from heaven with a shout . . . and the dead in Christ shall rise first. Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds . . . so shall we ever be with the Lord." I Thess. 4:16, 17.

A deeply spiritual minister says, "I prayed a long

time to get sanctified, and sometimes thought I was. Once I felt something and held on with a desperate grip for fear I should lose it, but it went with the next sensation. I lost *it* because I did not have *Him*, I had been taking a little water from the reservoir, when I might have received from *Him* fulness through the open channels. Then I thought I had joy, but I did not keep it because I had not *Himself* as my joy. At last He said to me, so tenderly, 'My child, just take Me, and let Me be in you the constant supply of all this, Myself.' And when I got my eyes off my sanctification, and my experience of *it*, and placed them on the Christ in me, I found, instead of an experience, I had a Christ larger than the moment's need, the Christ that had all that I should ever need. And when I thus saw Him, it was such rest; it was all right, and right forever. For I had not only what I could hold for that little hour, but also in Him all that I should need the next and the next and on and on. Sometimes I get a glimpse of what it will be many years hence, when we shall 'shine forth as the sun' in the kingdom of our Father, Matt. 13:43, and have 'all the fulness of God.'" Eph. 3:19.

II. LIFE THROUGH DEATH.

Pastor W. H. Cossom says: If we deliver ourselves to death there is a resurrection glory for us. Crosses are not for burdens, but for crucifixion. We talk about bearing our cross after Christ. Are we dead? Is the cross a sentimental burden to us? Crosses are not meant to be borne but a few steps; they are for

death. "Baptized into His death . . . raised up from the dead . . . in newness of life . . . the likeness of His death . . . the likeness of His resurrection . . . our old man is crucified with Him . . . reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God." Rom. 6:3-11. We know the story. But this death, what is it? Ah, who can tell what it may be to another? It means to commit everything to death. The bad man in us we like to commit to death; but the good man whom we have seen develop amidst a struggle, the man who has persisted after many failures to continue in the good way, who has learned to love somewhat and to serve and to do good, must he also go? Aye, even he must be given over to death, and Christ live in us by faith. Certain fellowships have to go; business cares have to go; wife and children have to go. It is death all along the line. We shall be pitied and called upon as He was, to pity ourselves and shall be asked, "Why are you doing this? Be this far from thee." I well remember when this death process began and I felt that cards, dancing and the theater must go, that my father with sincere sympathy for me said, "If you give up your music you will have no enjoyment left." And yet I had more of Him after than before, and that was long ago when this first lesson in death was accepted. But there are deeper deaths than the death to worldliness. It must be everything, everybody, and we must be able to say, "I have been crucified with Christ and it is no longer I that live, but Christ liveth in me; and that life which I now live in the flesh I

live in faith which is in the Son of God who loved me and gave Himself for me." Gal. 2:20. R. V.

Pastor Stockmayer says: "We are drawn by the cross of Christ to fellowship with His death, His burial, His resurrection, His power, His glory. Our appreciation of the death of Christ is the secret of much fruit. The bodily organs of man were the center of sin. Christ came in the flesh that in His flesh he might break the resistance of the flesh to the law of God. Enduring the curse of sin, He identified Himself with my sin, and if through faith I identify myself with his death and resurrection, I am dead, crucified to sin and self and alive unto God. The only place of shelter against sin and self is the wounds of Jesus. There I see the past submerged, there I am taught to work according to His Spirit, and to bring forth much fruit.

The practical dying to self, as has been said, does not come by cruel, unnatural processes, nor by self-mortification, nor by self-imposed tasks, nor by indolently leaving ourselves to the mere law of development, but by a calm, deep, irreversible, settled decision that there shall be none of self, but all of Christ. This is so the motto of our lives that we think it, dream it, pray it, breathe it, drink it, bathe in it, until it becomes a subtle, steady, all-prevailing passion. Then we—

1. Appreciate every opportunity of sinking into humility.

2. Never receive human honor or praise into our hearts.

3. Live by simple faith in the clear appreciation that every atom of our lives is in the grasp of God's will.

4. Thoughtfully avoid making our religious life an unnecessary burden to our loved ones.

5. In everything seek our nothingness and God's allness.

6. Ignore our own wisdom and look to Christ for minute guidance.

7. Have the spirit of the Roman soldier, who, told by his guide that a certain journey would end in death, replied, "It is necessary for me to go, it is not necessary for me to live."

8. Remember that, "*He that loveth his life shall lose it ; and he that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal.*" John 13:25. Queen Esther losing her life by seeking unbidden the king's presence, saved it. Esther 4:16; 5:2. The prophet Elijah losing his life, in the presence of the eight hundred and fifty false prophets, saved it. I Kings 18:19, 40; 19:1-3. The prophet Daniel losing his life, in the den of lions, saved it. Daniel 6:16-23. The three Hebrew children, losing their lives in the fiery furnace, preserved them. Dan. 3:19-25. Christ losing His life, on the cross, Matt. 27:42, saved Himself and the world. John 3:16.

General Gordon stood on a parapet in imminent danger, with only a stick in his hand, encouraging the English soldiers to drive out the Russians. "Gordon," they cried, "come down, you'll be killed!" He took no heed, and a soldier said: "He's all right; he doesn't mind being killed. He's one of those

blessed Christians." A holy indifference to all natural life is the way to deep spiritual life.

III. LIFE FOR OTHERS.

The Good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep. John 10:11, 14, 15, 17. The cry of "fire" aroused the people in one of the poorest streets in London. The street was soon thronged with people gazing at the burning house, while the flames leaping up around it, threatened to reduce it to ashes. The people supposed that all had escaped from the house until two little figures appeared at the upper window. The men in the crowd made some desperate efforts to save them but could not. Women and men wept. Just as all were realizing that it was impossible to save the children a man hurried to the crowd and said with a voice full of anguish, "Where are my children?" The only answer was a cry from the burning house, "O father! save me, save me!" The crowd could not hold the father back as he fought his way within the door. But alas! the stairway was already partly burned. For one moment, with hands uplifted to God and streaming eyes, he stood outside his home, then dashed forward and up the stairway of the house opposite. A moment later the people in the street below saw the father leap into the burning house from the window facing where his children stood. "If he jumps back he can take one," the people shouted. But this was not his thought. He loved both. He would save both. Crouching on the window sill while he clung on with his hands, he

threw his feet and body across, and resting his feet on the window seat opposite he made a bridge of himself. Between the fierce roaring of the flames, until the second child had gone across, the father's voice could be heard saying, "Do not fear anything. Do as I tell you. Be quick. Trust in me." And over the body of the prostrate father the children crept to safety. But he who saved his own fell mangled to the street below. So sad a story, so great a sacrifice, touches our hearts in tenderness, but it is only the faintest type of the love that spent itself through weary years of life, a night of untold agony, and a death of shame, not for those who loved Him, but for those who rejected Him.

His life for us—our lives for the brethren. I John 3:16. The two Moravians who sold themselves to hopeless slavery that they might preach the gospel to the captives, gave their lives for others. We give our lives in some measure when we daily and constantly deny ourselves luxuries that others may have necessities; yield our preferences, our pleasures, our prejudices, our plans, for the good of "others." Jude 23; Phil. 2:4.

IV. LIFE WITH OTHERS.

Those who have Christ as their attendant life are "easy to live with," as a little girl said of her companion. They are patient under provocation; gentle with the children; kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love; in honor preferring one another; give the soft answer which turneth away wrath; and

it is no fault of theirs if they do not live peaceably with others, for they suffer long and are kind; they envy not, are not rash, not haughty, not impolite, not selfish, not critical; they bear, believe, hope, and endure all things. Prov. 15:1; Rom. 12:10, 18; I Cor. 13:4-7.

V. LIFE IN OTHERS.

Those who have Christ in them living out His life through them are fruitful Christians. They win those who in turn win others. A man of God in Atlanta, Ga., was one day distributing leaflets, and stood with one in his hand in the rotunda of a large hotel. The Spirit said, "Put that on the piano." It was the only tract he left in the building. After he went away a young man came in to take the elevator to the top of the building, intending to throw himself down, so utterly weary was he of life's struggle. As he passed the piano, the solitary leaflet arrested his attention. He picked it up and read, "My brother, does the world seem dark? If your friends are few, and you are in want or struggling with some great sin, my heart goes out to you in sympathy. Don't be cast down. Look to Jesus, who 'came into the world to save sinners.' He is your friend. Whatever your past may be, if you forsake your sin and come to Him, He will save you and help you to lead a pure and happy life. Seek Him to-day. I will remember you and pray for you. Jesus said, and He meant it, 'Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.'" John 6:37. Rev. R. F. Miller, Atlanta, Ga. The words

turned the young man away from suicide and led him into a life of joy and usefulness.

So we see the life of one reproduced in the lives of others. The winning of one soul may be the winning of thousands. F. B. Meyer says, "A young Sunday-school teacher, a poor seamstress, one Sunday gave to a rough street Arab a shilling to induce him to go to Sunday-school. That boy, Amos Sutton, was converted, went to work as a missionary among the Telugus, and after twenty-five years ten thousand converts were won in a single year.

VI. LIFE TO OTHERS.

A lad lay dying of scarlet fever. The doctor had given him up. There was no hope but in God. His father and mother and two godly neighbors, took the child to the throne of grace. For an hour the four held him up before God in earnest supplication, but there was no change. In an agony of earnestness the mother again sought the divine aid. Another hour, and the lad opened his eyes and recognized her. She bent to catch his words. Slowly, painfully, but distinctly, he whispered, "I—dreamed—Jesus—stood—by—me—and—told—me—He—for—gave—my—sins!" Did this mean preparation for life or death? Even as they asked the question, the white, haggard look in the lad's face was gone and in another hour he was on the road to recovery. His changed life gave evidence that his sins were forgiven. In answer to their faith he was given back to them from the portals of death. Let us be encouraged to *come unto Him* bringing life to those who despair of it.

CHAPTER XI.

OUT OF THE SLUMS INTO SOUL WINNING.

"They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever." Dan. 12:3.

"The end of your faith—the salvation of—souls."
1 Pe. 1:19.

We are saved that we may save others. We are lightened that we may brighten the pathway of those about us.

One of the most marked manifestations of God's power to save and to use for the salvation of others is the story of Delia, the Bluebird of Mulberry Bend.

Little Delia Loughlin was put into a convent soon after the death of her devoted young mother. She was cared for physically and trained mentally, but her poor little heart was starved for love, and when at the age of seventeen she was sent out into a city boarding house to earn her living, it is small wonder that the bright, pretty young girl attracted the attention of a scoundrel, who ruined her.

She gave him the first pure love of her young life. He drugged her, and betrayed her, and left her. By a chain of circumstances too revolting to tell, she found herself in a life that she despised, but from which she felt that there was no escape.

To drown the dreadful sorrows in her young life, she resorted to the wine cup. Then she went down, down, down, until there was none lower than she. There was scarcely a dance hall, opium joint, or gambling den in the Mulberry slums that she did not frequent. None could outdo her in smoking, drinking, or swearing. She was several times arrested and imprisoned, and while there would resolve to reform, but once out and among the old companions, she went on from bad to worse until she was a "mystery" to the police, a "terror" to her companions, a hardened, helpless criminal.

But, at last, her opportunity came. One sultry spring night Mrs. E. M. Whittemore went down to the Mulberry slums with a pale pink rose, over which she had breathed an earnest prayer, with the mental resolve that the flower should be given to the most depraved human being she should meet. And in a low dive, in the midst of a gang of thieves, there was a face, among the savage, cruel faces that looked into hers, that touched her to intense pity. It was the face of a young woman, who looked as though she might be forty, but was really only twenty-three.

There were ugly black marks under her eyes, and there was a bad cut on her wrinkled forehead, with a bare spot above it, where her hair had been pulled out by the roots, and a bad scar on the ear, while her hair was hanging loosely down her back, over a blue cotton dress, and there was a wild, reckless look upon her face. And to this girl, the most

wretched specimen of humanity Mrs. Whittemore had ever seen, she gave the pink rose, with the invitation to come to the Florence Mission the following evening, which the girl recklessly accepted.

All the next day a terrible depression from Satan was upon Delia. It was the devil's last fight for her. Glass after glass of liquor was taken, but the more she drank the more sober she seemed. She could not drown her misery.

Going into the dive where she had met Mrs. Whittemore, she went over to the shelf where she had placed the rose, in an old glass bottle, for safe keeping. She was about to pin it on her dress, when its beauty attracted her attention, and she became very still when some of the leaves fell to the floor. Then the thought came that once she was as pure as the rose, and the bright days of her early childhood flitted before her imagination, and the smile of her young, happy mother. With a deep sigh which caused her hand to tremble, and the rose to fall almost apart, something seemed to say, "Delia, your years are dropping off in sin like the leaves from the rose." "That's so," she almost audibly replied. "*And the end?*" Her eyes became riveted on the petals, which by this time were quite discolored, and the answer came, causing her to shiver at the awful word—"Hell!" From head to foot did she shiver, and began to feel petrified with horror, when suddenly the promise to go up to the mission came to her mind, and with it a way of escape seemed opened.

She turned, and, glancing at the many curious eyes watching her, said abruptly, with emphasis, "Boys, I am going to leave you to-night." With that, among a clatter of tongues, one managed to be heard, saying, "Why, Bluey is going mad; look at her, she's lost so much blood from that last row! And where are you going my girl?" he added.

"Up to the mission to meet that lady who talked to me last night," she replied, more decidedly than ever.

Seeing they could not alter that set determination, one fellow said, "Well, Bluey, have you got a red?"

"No," came the answer.

"Well, I declare; if you are going you shall go like a lady," he replied; and, diving away down into his greasy old pocket, he pulled out a five-cent piece—the price of his supper that night—and said, cheerfully, "I guess I can go without my coffee one night, so you can ride."

After a little further consultation, the whole crowd decided to accompany her to the car; and two by two the little procession followed her down Mulberry Bend to the corner, then up Bowery to Chatham Square, and, as they put her upon the car, one called out, "Stick to it, old gal!" another said, "God bless you, Bluey!" while another called out, as the car was moving, "Good luck to you; now don't forget us, will you?" She answered by leaning over the car, waving her hand, and saying, "O, I'll never forget you!" And she never

did, for, from the very first day after she found the blessed Lord, her one thought was their salvation, and how she could improve their condition.

Reaching the mission, she found Mrs. Whittemore had gone, so some friends took her up to The Door of Hope. She was cordially welcomed, washed and properly dressed, then put to bed. In her hand she lovingly clung still to the once beautiful rose, even carrying it to the little room where she took her bath.

That day a young lady assistant at the Home had received almost a counterpart of the pink rose, and was so touched to see such affection for the now poor, withered flower, she felt prompted to present her with the one she had. In speaking of it, further on, Delia said, "I entered the Home almost gone, body and soul, and then exchanged my life for a new one, to bloom as the other rose, by the grace of God." How true it all was, and the fragrance of this wonderful life is full of perfume still.

Going into the back parlor, Mrs. Whittemore met Delia coming up stairs. Almost before she knew it such a marvelous love was born in her soul for the girl that her arms were around her in an instant, and she had kissed those poor, bruised cheeks with much tenderness. With a look of astonishment, Delia drew back a moment, then her whole body quivered, and with tearful eyes she hungrily looked up in Mrs. Whittemore's face. Then Mrs. Whittemore felt an entrance had some-

how been made into Delia's heart for the blessed Lord.

The matron and Mrs. Whittemore knelt by her side, placing their arms around her; and they were both so overcome that in silence they waited upon the Lord in thankfulness for answered prayer. Then Mrs. Whittemore prayed, "Dear Lord, all this poor child needs is a little love; now help us both to so love her that we will love her into loving Thee," etc.

"O," cried Delia, "I never heard any one talk to God that way! You speak as if you thought He *was* real."

"Yes, indeed, He is, dear child," Mrs. Whittemore replied; "as real to me as you are, kneeling here. And now I want you to pray."

Trembling and sobbing still, Delia finally said, "God, be merciful to me a sinner, for Jesus' sake." And, from what took place then, all were confident there was general rejoicing around the throne of God by the angels, heralding the glad tidings of another soul washed and redeemed in the blood of the Lamb. There was a bright look of triumph in her eyes, and, from that day neither liquor, opium, snuff nor tobacco were ever desired by her, and she followed on most bravely with all her soul to know the Lord.

Few have ever grown so rapidly in Divine grace. Only the next day she requested permission to go to the Tombs to see Dan, one of her former associates. At first Mrs. Whittemore refused, feeling

she should become more grounded in the truth before mingling in any way with those she had just left. With tears she turned away, saying quietly, "Well, of course, if you say no, I won't go."

Suddenly something checked Mrs. Whittemore, and she asked, "Why do you wish so much to go?"

Looking earnestly into her face, Delia quietly answered, "O, I want to tell Dan that if Christ saved me—and he knows what a wretch I was—He could save him; that's why."

Arrangements were made for her to go; and she said, "I'm going to ask God to let Dan be my first convert." It ended in bringing conviction to the heart of that lonely prisoner, and when sentenced he had the arm of God to lean upon, and, though shut up behind prison bars for many long years to come, his letters, received from time to time, proved the sincerity of his trust. He was her first convert.

How the Lord used Delia in *The Door of Hope*, in churches, in conventions, in Missions, and down in the slums among her old wicked associates, is graphically told by Mrs. E. M. Whittemore, in the little book, *Delia, Formerly the Bluebird of Mulberry Bend*. Send to her for it. Cloth, 60c; paper, 30c. *Door of Hope*, 303 West Fifty-third street, New York.

After a year of such service as few know, dear Delia was stricken down.

The people of Mulberry Bend were upon her

heart continually, and during her illness she particularly requested that they might be allowed to visit her, "for," she explained, "I wish to bring as many of them to Christ as possible." After they began coming, she would often exclaim, "O how good God is; He knows I cannot go to sinners now, so He sends sinners to me!"

How faithfully did she labor with those who came, even when it was an effort to breathe! One afternoon Mrs. Whittemore paused at her door, and, looking in, was greatly overcome. Delia was propped up in bed with pillows, and, though fairly gasping for breath, with a face that would have touched even a heart of stone, she was expending the little strength possessed most earnestly in endeavoring to bring two ex-convicts to Christ.

Upon entering, Mrs. Whittemore looked from one to another, and quietly said, "Let us kneel by Delia's side and settle this now," and, as they waited before the Lord, He spoke to the hearts of those men in such a way as to cause them to arise with a holy desire to love and serve Him.

Many were unable to come to see their former friend on account of their clothes, so would send most touching messages by those who did. Thank God, though, the tramp, tramp of many could be heard on the stairs during the day, and sometimes in the evening, to her room; a lighter tread could be heard of almost as many, as they descended and left the home with happier hearts, hopeful countenances, and, in not a few cases, saved.

About a quarter to eleven, the night she died, she said, "O, Mother Whittemore must be almost home by this time; won't she be happy in the morning to find I have fallen asleep!"

Always thinking of others, she cautioned the trained nurse by her side, in case she fell asleep, not to forget the girl in the next room, who had gone to bed sick, but to warm a little broth for her and make her drink it.

Two hours later, putting her hand to her head, she exclaimed, "What is this strange feeling? What is it?" By the expression on her face the nurse knew the truth, and hastened to have those who loved her come. In a few moments all was over. No struggle, no pain; simply a breathing out, into Christ. She was conscious to the end, and only lost her speech five minutes before closing her eyes on earth.

By her request, the body was tenderly placed in a spotless white casket, and in her hand was put one beautiful pink rose.

The night before the services were held the bell rang, and a poor fellow, not very presentable, but greatly agitated, came in, asking if he could see her. Permission was granted, and, upon entering the parlor, he started back, saying half aloud, "O, there's reality in such a religion! What a beautiful casket! O my, it might have been a pine box and the Potter's Field!" Then, advancing, he gazed long and earnestly upon the face he once knew so well, and, as the tears trickled down his

cheeks, he listened to some pleading words of entreaty from the lips of the matron, as she regarded him with pity and interest. It all ended by his finally kneeling by that lifeless form, and calling upon God to have mercy upon his soul as He did upon Delia, for Christ's sake, and in a few moments he left, rejoicing in answered prayer.

Not a vestige of mourning could be seen at her funeral, though the many tearful eyes spoke of the love she called forth.

A gentleman, five hundred miles from New York City, called one morning at Mrs. Whittemore's and informed her, with great feeling, how he had traveled all that distance to personally have the pleasure of telling her what God had done in their place through the simple story of the "Pink Rose."

He stated how, after this account of Delia was given at a public service in his church, a most notorious character present became so deeply stirred that she finally was led through its influence to accept the Savior; and, after explaining the character of her enormous house, added that now her one thought was to have it placed at God's disposal in the rescuing of just such characters, whom she had been the means of enticing into all forms of evil—as at times she would have over one hundred under her roof.

After Delia's funeral, one of the strangest gatherings took place down in the slums of New York. In a little, low sub-cellar a few men, oh, so poor! clubbed together after the burial of Delia, once

known to them all as "Blue Bird," and their former companion in sin.

They had what might rightly be termed a mass-meeting, and the topic for discussion was *whether* or not it was *possible* that they could really reform, and once more be honest and upright men.

Out of this gathering grew homes for men, a Mission, and more. On and on still goes the good work, begun by this girl saved from the slums to soul winning.

CHAPTER XII.

OUT OF SICKNESS INTO HEALTH.

"Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses." Matt. 8:17.

"Beloved, I wish above all things that thou mayest prosper and be in health, even as thy soul prospereth."
3 Jno. 2.

The Word of God clearly shows that for His chosen people the will of God, the Father, is health; the work of Christ, the Son, purchased health; the power of the Holy Spirit in the body brings health.

One of the first titles of God to redeemed Israel was, "Jehovah, that healeth thee." Ex. 15:26.

There is not one single record of a death in the wilderness except it was in direct punishment for sin. Aaron died before they reached the promised land because he made the molten calf. Moses died (albeit his last breath was a kiss from Jehovah and his body was immediately resurrected) because he spake unadvisedly with his lips and smote the rock twice. But when those who survived went into the land of Canaan they were all well and strong. Psa. 105:37.

The Old Testament statement should settle for-

ever the question of God's willingness to heal. "Jehovah—who forgiveth *all* thine iniquities; who healeth *all* thy diseases." *Psa.* 103:3.

Then Christ was our substitute for sickness as surely as He was for sin. It was prophesied of Jesus, "He was despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows and acquainted with sickness—surely He hath borne our sicknesses—He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him and with his stripes we are healed—It pleased Jehovah to bruise Him; He hath made Him sick." *Isa.* 53:4-10. *R. V. margin.* Matthew tells us—

"In the evening the people brought to Jesus many who were possessed; and He drove out the spirits with a word, and cured all who were ill, in fulfillment of these words in the prophet Isaiah—

"He took our infirmities on Himself and bore the burden of our diseases." *Matt.* 8:16,17. *Twentieth Century New Testament.*

Again in the curses of the law are mentioned such diseases as consumption, fever, tumours, scurvy and itch. *Deut.* 28:22-27. *R. V. Marg.* If it be true that "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law," *Gal.* 3:13, then He hath redeemed us from sickness and by His stripes we are healed. *1 Pet.* 2:24.

The Holy Spirit is the Divine agent in imparting health. Sometimes when God's children are healed there are wonderful manifestations of the Holy

Spirit, either in the one who is healed or in the one who is used for the healing.

I sat on the platform of a convention waiting for the meeting to open when a lady, a stranger to me, came up and asked me to lay my hand on her head and pray for her nose to stop bleeding, as the hemorrhage had continued all the morning. I prayed a moment and she left. Afterward she told me that while my hand was on her head she had a sensation as of warm water being poured all over her brain, and, as she turned to leave me, the bleeding stopped.

When I was healed of pneumonia the one who prayed with me shook from head to foot with the power of the Spirit, as also did my nurse who knelt at the foot of my bed, but there was not the smallest sensation of any kind in my body. But the Holy Spirit did the work. Some of the human means which God has enjoined for healing are—

1. INDIVIDUAL PRAYER.—We are bidden to ask and promised that the prayer shall be answered. Little Beulah had been sleeping with her grandmother, and early in the morning was chatting merrily, when her grandmother said, “Do not talk to grandma for a little while, her head aches so.”

The little one said, “I’ll put my hand on your head and ask Jesus to make you well.”

She laid her tiny hand on the aching head and prayed, and then looked brightly into her grandmother’s face, saying, “Jesus did.”

And immediately all the pain left and her grandmother was well.

An incident of the power of individual prayer was related by H. L. Hastings:

About the year 1885 the wife of Mr. Paddock Small, a hardware dealer in Harwich, Mass., exhibited symptoms of hereditary pulmonary disease, being tormented by a racking cough and profuse expectoration. Medical assistance had been invoked in vain, and it seemed as if there was nothing but death before her. She could not rest on her left side, and on lying down at night she would cough for a long time, her side also being sore and painful to the touch.

One day when she was absent from home, visiting her father, who lived some three miles away, her husband was feeling very sad in expectation of her probable fate, from which he saw no way of deliverance. He had been reading from the Sunday-school lesson, which dealt with the subject of believing prayer, and the question finally occurred to him,

“Why cannot *I* pray that my wife may be healed of this cough?”

He lived over the store, and locking the door, he went up-stairs into his bed-room, and there for a long time prayed and wept and besought the mercy of the Lord on his wife's behalf.

Suddenly he felt that his prayer was answered, and the work done; so he shouted glory to God, and came down filled with peace and joy.

An hour later his wife came in. He said nothing to her of the prayer, but in the evening when she remarked,

"I suppose I must go to bed and cough, as I have to every night;" he replied:

"I guess you will not cough to-night."

She looked at him with a meaning glance and exclaimed,

"You have been praying for me; I know it."

He replied, "When you retire for the night we shall know if God does hear and answer the prayers of poor weak mortals."

She retired to rest, turned on her left side, and said, "I can lie on this side as well as ever in my life." He inquired, "How is the sore place in your side?" She put her hand there, and striking it hard said, "It is all gone."

She then told him how during the afternoon she had walked out in the woods a little way to gather a few berries, and returning to her father's house faint and exhausted, had sat down discouraged, feeling that there was no help for her, when all at once a light flashed into her soul, and, feeling better, she knew within herself that she was healed. She noted the time when the change occurred, and it corresponded with the hour when his strong crying and tears were ended by the assurance that all was well.

2. BELIEVING PRAISE.—"Bless the Lord—who healeth." Psa. 103:2,3. One morning during a time of trial, along the line of housekeeping,

when I was without even one Secretary and with no efficient housekeeper, I was in the kitchen preparing some article of food when I burned my hand severely.

Not thinking particularly of the burn, but realizing that it was a real time of testing for me, I stood still a moment and sang the doxology with a real note of praise that all this was working for my good. I forgot the burn until some moments afterward, when, catching sight of the deep blister, I noticed that the burn did not pain me at all. I wondered a little, but went on with the cooking. Suddenly in the afternoon I recalled the doxology and knew that God had healed the burn while I sang. The scar remained for months to show how deep had been the burn and how blessed was the deliverance.

Some time afterward I related the incident to a company of ladies. One day when one of them burned her hand she sang the doxology, hoping her pain would leave, but it did not.

Praying or praising in hope is not praying or praising in faith.

Hope is entirely different from faith. To imitate some one else in the hope that what has cured them will cure us is sure to meet with disappointment.

Faith is the victory everywhere, always, and under all circumstances. Faith has never been and never can be disappointed.

Hope and expectation have no special promise of

healing, but God says, "The prayer of faith shall save the sick." Jam. 5:15. "According to your faith be it unto you." Matt. 9:29.

3. LAYING ON OF HANDS.—"They shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover." Mk. 16:18.

We give the following thrilling account of a genuine case of healing:

REMARKABLE RECOVERY OF MISS ANNIE
M'FEDRIES.

For a number of weeks a very bright, cheery, active little woman has been assisting in the series of mission meetings which have been in progress in Washington, Pa., for several months, and her face has become familiar to hundreds of people and also a welcome one in many homes. This woman is Miss Annie McFedries. A stranger on meeting her would notice nothing out of the ordinary, save that her face is one of that peculiar stamp which denotes happiness and peace with the world. He might also notice that there was an air about her which indicated perfect health. But least of all would he think that at one time this woman was near death's door, her form wasted, and she and her friends awaiting the final dissolution, which seemed but a little way off. Her's is a case of faith healing, and one which possibly has few parallels. She has not a Washington acquaintance who doubts that the Divine Healer has brought her into a new life, and the story of her suffering and recovery

can be substantiated by scores of prominent people in Pennsylvania and New York.

Miss McFedries is a native of Scotland, having been born in the city of Glasgow, coming to America when a little girl. Before she emigrated she was afflicted with white swelling in the lower limbs. Physicians treated her, but without avail. After coming to this country the ailment became more pronounced, and while living with her brother at Amsterdam, N. Y., it was found necessary to take her to a hospital at Albany. This was ten years ago. Previous to that time she had not been out of the house for several years, and was only able to move around by catching hold of a chair for support, and pushing the chair ahead of her. Her sufferings, day and night, were intense. For months she was at the hospital, where the physicians did all in their power to relieve her, but without success. She was finally told that the only hope of saving her life would be by amputating the limbs at the knees. This she would not consent to, neither would her brother, who was devoted to her, and untiring in his efforts to secure relief for her. Being told that death was only a question of a few months, the brother resolved on taking her to his home, then on Staten Island, where she could pass away among her relatives. By this time she was wasted to a mere shadow. Life to her was only a burden and she looked forward to death as a relief. She says that while lying on her bed she would imagine that she could see

the undertakers or physicians breaking the bones of her limbs to straighten them out for the coffin, as they were much drawn.

Thus the days dragged along, while the pain increased. A neighbor who had been kind to the invalid reported her case to others. One morning in July, 1889, three months after the patient had been taken home to die, a pleasant, sympathetic looking woman called and remarked to her:

"God has sent me to you."

She then told of meetings at her home in the interest of divine healing, and asked if the invalid would not attend the one to be held the following Tuesday evening.

This visit was on Friday. Miss McFedries frankly admitted that she was not a believer in divine healing, and was sure her case was hopeless. The woman insisted on her coming, but Miss McFedries remarked that she could not go even if she wanted to, owing to her helpless condition. She was told that a carriage would be at her disposal, but still she refused. Tuesday morning the good woman called at the McFedries home and urged the patient to attend the meeting. This neighbor's daughter was blind, but she wanted to attend the meeting, which was less than a block away. The blind girl offered to support her crippled friend, while the latter could show the way.

Finally Miss McFedries consented, but without any hope. She had short crutches, and, if supported by some one, managed to get around at

times, dragging her helpless limbs after her. Thus the two afflicted ones started—the cripple showing the way and the blind steadying her companion.

There were a number of persons at the meeting, some of whom related how they had been cured of ailments through faith. Their experience interested Miss McFedries, but still she could not feel that faith which others had, although prayers in her behalf were made and passages of Scripture read for her benefit. After the meeting was over the two unhappy young women went home, Miss McFedries, if anything, more discouraged than ever. But she took to reading her Bible, her aim being to find some promise which would show her that God would heal her if she had faith. This she found in Matthew 8:17. The way looked a little more clear to her, and she resolved to attend the meeting the following Tuesday at the same place. This time she was ready to be "almost persuaded." One of the workers talked with her after another person present who had been similarly afflicted, but had been healed, gave his experience. She was referred to John 3:5, and asked if she believed it. Giving an affirmative answer, she was asked if that verse was right, what about Matthew 8:17, and a new light came to her. Her faith was growing, and finally, before the meeting closed, she had placed her case in God's hands, convinced that He would heal her. Again the blind and the halt started for their homes.

At Miss McFedries' gate she was met by her brother, who remarked:

"Well, Annie; the same old story?"

By this time the young woman's faith began to assert itself, her face took on an expression which none of her friends had seen there for many years, hope and happiness predominating. In a firm voice she declared that henceforth she would place her trust in God and devote herself to His cause. She then threw her crutches from her, stood upright, and walked into her home with as firm a step as if she had never known an ailment. Her pains left her entirely. From that day to this she has been as active and healthy a woman as could be found anywhere, not even being troubled with such a common ailment as headache.

This miraculous cure took place in July, 1889, three months after the patient was taken home to die, and Miss McFedries has not the slightest fear that her infirmities will come back.

After assisting her brother for two years as typewriter she became convinced that her duty was to devote her life to saving souls, and she became identified in New York with rescue work. In this work she continues, and God is wonderfully using her.—*Reporter.*

Miss McFedries is now in Pittsburg at the Christian and Missionary Alliance headquarters, but for many years was engaged in rescue work in the Crittendon Homes for fallen girls. She is well known in New York, Altoona, Wheeling and Pitts-

burg, and has been wonderfully used of God during these years of service, bearing to many sick and dying ones the same blessed story she heard herself that Jesus heals now and has again and again seen these sufferers, scores and scores of them, raised up by the same mighty power of God.*

4. ANOINTING WITH OIL.—“Is any sick among you? let him call for the elders of the church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord; and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he have committed sins, they shall be forgiven him.” Jam. 5:14,15. The *Michigan Christian Advocate* gives the following:

“Last week the daily papers of Detroit recorded a remarkable instance of the power of prayer. Four months ago C. H. Holden, pastor of the Clinton Avenue Baptist Church, while riding his bicycle was run into and violently thrown to the pavement. He fractured his hip, and for fifteen weeks suffered excruciating, constant pain. During the severest paroxysms it required three men to hold him on his bed, and his screams could be heard a block away. Only under the influence of opiates could he obtain any relief. He wasted to a shadow. There were eight physicians in the case, which baffled all their skill. His loyal people paid his salary regularly, and prayers for his recovery were unceasingly offered by the congregation and his

* I know Miss McF., and have heard her relate this interesting experience. Her address is 947 Penn ave., Pittsburg, Pa.

fellow-Baptist ministers. Mr. Holden began to ask himself, Is the Scripture true, 'The prayer of faith shall save the sick?' Jam. 5:15. He resolved to put the promise to the test, and sent for his fellow-pastors. Twelve gathered in his room, Thursday afternoon. Mr. Holden pointed out the promise, and challenged his brethren to prove it. They knelt, and in fervent, believing prayer, asked God to restore their brother to health, strength and service. Mr. Holden says: 'It was the most glorious prayer-meeting I ever attended. My lips moved too, but the only prayer I could find was that my healing might be for Christ's sake and to God's glory.' Suddenly an aged preacher arose, walked over to the bed upon which the sick man lay, and in a loud voice, tense with emotion, cried, 'Brother Holden, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, I bid you to arise and walk!' All gazed spellbound as the stricken one arose and walked about the room, weak, yet smiling, and without pain!"

Mr. Holden occupied his pulpit the next Sunday.

5. UNITED PRAYER.—Mary A. Randall, 71 years of age, who was healed of a broken arm while a little company of people were praying for her, sent back to them the following grateful letter:

I have been thinking for some time of writing and thanking you for praying, and I wish to give God all the glory for healing my broken arm.

The first day of last April I fell down the cellar, striking face forward.

My arm ran between the steps; then I turned so that my arm caught between the steps, breaking the upper bone about one and a half inches above the wrist-joint, and nearly tearing the arm off.

All the muscles were torn loose from beneath the armpit to the shoulder in front.

I also received quite serious internal injuries.

The left lung and the entire right side were badly bruised.

I think the flesh was nearly torn loose from the ribs below the armpit.

I was badly bruised all over.

I was at my next-door neighbor's at the time of the accident.

They were badly scared. They wanted to know if I would have a doctor.

I said, "No, it will be all right without a doctor."

As I had no one to pray for me, and no telephone, I said to my husband, "Had I not better send and ask for prayers?"

He said, "Yes, if you would like."

We live twelve miles in the country; so I took the street-car and arrived at my sister's, Mrs. —, at 5 o'clock.

Mr. Scripture telephoned to know what to do with the bone. The answer came back that God would take care of it.

You prayed at 9 o'clock; in a few minutes the bones were all set nicely.

In less than an hour I felt the itching and tingling as in the process of the bone knitting.

I went to bed that night, with not even a cloth on my arm, and slept pretty well.

I took no medicine, used no liniment and saw no doctor.

I did not lie in bed all one day at a time.

The people think it a miracle that I came out of the cellar alive.

6. THE GIFT OF HEALING.—“The gifts—of God are without repentance.” Rom. 11:29. We are in the same dispensation with the apostles and prophets. The same gifts are in the church to-day. So the deaf hear and the blind see and the lame walk wherever one who has the gift of healing dares to exercise it. To have this gift and to be faithful in the use of it entails such suffering that many shrink back and lose the gift.

Let us remember that we have the same unchangeable God, the Father; the same tender God, the Son; the same loving God, the Holy Ghost. And let us trust.

“He healed them all—the blind, the lame, the palsied,
The sick in body, and the weak in mind;
Whoever came, no matter how afflicted,
Were sure a sovereign remedy to find.

His word gave health, His touch restored the vigor
To every weary, pain-exhausted frame;
And all He asked before He gave the blessing
Was simple faith in Him from those who came.

“And is our Lord, the kind, the good, the tender,
Less loving now than in those days of old?
Or is it that our faith is growing feeble,
And Christian energy is waxing cold?

"Why do we not, with equal expectation,
Now bring our sick ones to the Lord in prayer,
Right through the throng of unbelieving scruples,
Up to His very side and leave them there?

"He never health refused in by-gone ages,
Nor feared to take the chastisement away;
Then why not ask it now, instead of praying
For patience to endure from day to day?"

[THE END.]

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